

ROGUE

THE HAPPENING MAGAZINE FOR TODAY'S YOUNG MAN

DECEMBER 60¢



JAZZ IN EUROPE:
LOWDOWN ON THE UPBEAT

TEXT/PHOTO ESSAY:
HIPPIE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

AN INTIMATE INTERVIEW WITH
EVI MARANDI, SUPER SEX STAR

CONTROVERSY:
DO YOU PICK THE PRESIDENT
BY THE COLOR OF HIS HAIR?



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16 FEATURETTE "NUDIE-MOVIES" STAR the MOST ALLURING TORSOS In HOLLYWOOD!



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#377

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NEW unique unusual BOOKS

When Sex Becomes "Different"

UNUSUAL SEX PRACTICES

by M. B. Greenwood

An "Unusual" sex practice is one where there is some greater pleasure than orgasm through intercourse. Most of these bizarre practices involve a measure of mutilation, shock, voyeurism, pain or torture. The sex habits of the average person are relatively free of such sadistic or masochistic traits. Nevertheless, the reader will be shocked to see how abnormal are the tastes of the so-called normal person. CASE HISTORIES and intensive field work. Filled with chapters detailing ALL ASPECTS of the sex act. SAMPLE HEADINGS: Masturbation, Voyeurism, Masochism, Satyrism, Feminism, Bestiality and others. The average reader will be surprised to see how unusual practices are passed along by seemingly innocent, normal sex partners. A-18 — \$3.00

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by Dr. G. Leopold Kelly

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BOOKS

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WASHINGTON'S WHEELER DEALERS: Broads, Booze & Bobby Baker/Edward K. Nellor (**BEE-LINE BOOKS**). An original paperback account that gives you all the dirty, lowdown, inside information on the fixers, wheeler dealers, leeches, thieves, political pimps, sex pots and various and sundry other ladder climbers in, of course, Washington, D.C. Running to 192 pages, this fact-packed piece of non-fiction also offers you a rogues' gallery of varied mug shots of such newsworthy notables as Bobby Baker, Adam Clayton Powell, Senator Thomas J. Dodd and other capital headline makers. Informative reading if you're nosy.

FOUR-LETTER WORD GAMES/Renatus Hartogs M.D., Ph.D. and Hans Fantel (EVANS**).** It dirty words turn you on—or if they don't—you'll want to read this book to find out why. It has a mouth-filling subtitle, "An Interpretation of the Psychology of Obscenity," but don't let that throw you; it's a witty book, very perceptive, very easy to read. And it does explain how, and why, and when some of us use dirty language to cover up our fears of sex, or relax our inhibitions, or put others down, or make ourselves stand out in a crowd, and so forth. If you read this book carefully, and listen to future conversations with both ears open, you might find yourself learning more about your friends than they'd really care to have you know—but that's hardly our problem, is it? ●

Pest Rogue

WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY, COMER!

Dear Editor:

I'm all for Dr. Albert Ellis and "THE NEW SEXUAL FREEDOMS", and like that, but I'd like to know just where I might expect to encounter all that beautiful free-style swinging in real life. New York? I guess so. San Francisco? Sure. New Orleans, Denver, Los Angeles, Chicago?

Man, I live in Fargo, North Dakota, and I can assure *Rogue* and Dr. Ellis that sex in the backwoods and boondocks is just as slimy-furtive as it ever was when Grandma was a girl!

That doesn't mean that I'm not getting any. I'm getting enough, thank you. But it's strictly illicit stuff, under the counter, dirty-dirty. None of this liberated, happy sex that I've been reading about for years, but have never actually experienced.

And my troubles are minor compared to my cousin's, who's a homosexual. To my certain knowledge, there are only three people in all of Fargo who know about my cousin's deviation: my cousin, my cousin's "friend," and me. I don't even dare to let you know whether my cousin is a male or female—that's how scared he or she is about being made the object of community scorn and hatred.

You may be swinging loose in the cities, you lucky people, but we country folk are as up-tight as ever.

Name Withheld
Fargo, North Dakota

Census figures going all the way back to the Civil War show that more and more of you country folk are moving to the city all the time. Come and join us—and bring your cousin, too.

LOOK-ALIKES!

Dear Editor:

Normally I don't write letters to magazines...nor do I buy them, particularly "men's magazines." But since I've been getting anonymous phone calls by the hundreds, I thought I'd better pick up a copy of your August issue and see what gives.

Now I see why my life has been hell for the past month. That girl, Terry someone on pages 30 through 33, is my

exact look-alike but... wow... being a librarian in a small college town sort of puts me on the spot. All the kids think I posed for those "exposed" pictures and I can't persuade them I didn't. Please... do something to help me!

Gladys Rocker
Boulder City, Colorado

We'd love to help you out, Gladys, if you'll just send us your complete address and phone number there are several on our staff who will be out on the next plane

EPICUREA...FACT OR FICTION?

Dear Editor:

I must admit I've never been an ardent fan of ROGUE but you really turned me on with your MENU FOR AN ORGY in the August issue.

Like everything else...even food can become boring. And, who needs boring food at a swinging soiree. After all, the fun of lovin' is nibbling in between!

Anyway...I hosted a weekend blast they're still goggling over, and believe me when I say that the most goggling wasn't over the femme fatales but the BEEF BURGUNDY! Absolutely superb!

Just goes to show you that a smart man is a gourmand!

Kelly Blagden
New York City, New York
New York City, New York

Well Kelly, we tried the Beef Burgundy too... but we must admit we still like the girls better. Guess it takes all kinds to make the world!

SAM—BY ANY OTHER NAME

Dear Editor:

I don't care if her name is Sam. I think she's the sharpest cutie you had in the August issue. You didn't give her measurements, but it doesn't matter—everything looks just the right size. Sam can make my pants too long any time she pleases. Where's she from?

Tom Nichols
Denver, Colo.

We like her, too. If you ever get to London, look her up and pay your compliments in person.

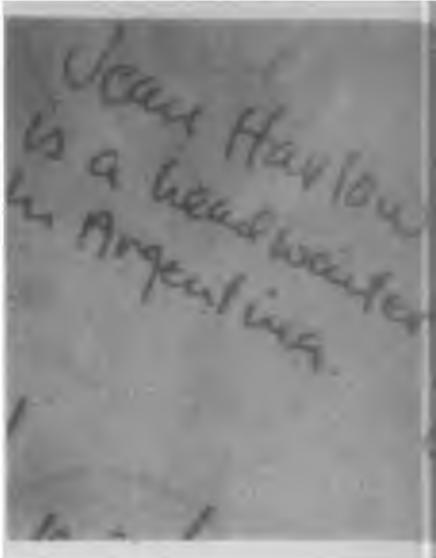
DON'T FRIGHTEN US!

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading *The Next War After Vietnam* by Dylan Daniels in your August issue and found it most upsetting. Why do you publish such frightening articles? Your girls are beautiful, your humor enjoyable, so why not keep ROGUE that way?

Stuart Finney
Tampa, Fla.

We feel that it is our duty, from time to time, to call your attention to those things in this world that might tend to deprive us of our beautiful girl and our sense of humor. ●



confessions of a

OR . . . WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG IN THE RESTROOM, SAM?

Naturally a hard core grafficionado's primary joy in life is reading words written on the walls. One can find social commentaries, sexual solicitations, insults, political beliefs and personal fantasies, among other things, scrawled on walls easily accessible to public view. These words and slogans, termed graffiti, are seriously studied by some and read for sheer enjoyment by others.

Graffiti writing is one of the oldest existing forms of communication. Started by Stone Age men who drew pictures on their caves, this art did not die out with advances in technology as did other forms such as scroll-writing. Today, instead of rock chipping tools, the grafficionado has marking pens, lipsticks, crayons and pencils with which to write his witticisms. Although the methods might be different, man has always found the walls to be an excellent place to write.

The range of contemporary graffiti extends from the blatant obscenity to the sophisticated sentence, which

displays wit and demands intellectual appreciation. The graffiti below is indicative of these types.

VENUS DEMILO IS IN CYPRUS
AND NEEDS ARMS
DEATH IS CAMP
ONCE YOU'VE HAD ELEPHANT-
IASIS, YOU'LL NEVER FORGET
IT
SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH OR
I'LL KILL YOU
MICKEY MOUSE IS A HOMO-
SEXUAL
I WAS A PSEUDO BOHEMIAN
FOR THE FBI
REMEMBER THE ALUM, MOE
THE MARK OF QUALITY IS STILL
A MARK
REALITY IS A CRUTCH
CHICKEN LITTLE WAS RIGHT

Discovered over a contraceptive dispensing machine was the following parody of a well known advertisement IT TAKES THE WORRY OUT OF BEING CLOSE! Overnight, the words HOT and COLD appeared on two water tanks located in a Western city. City officials, obviously no grafficionados, had

the words painted out.

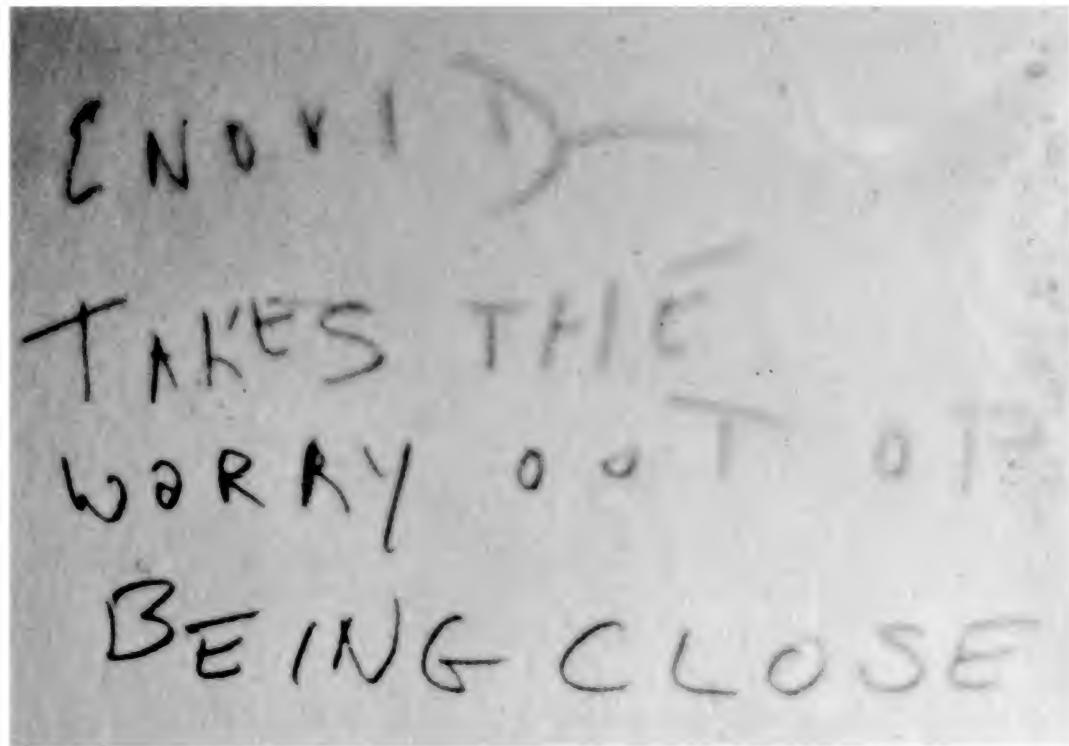
A reader of walls will notice that much of graffiti are attacks on personalities.

J. EDGAR HOOVER SLEEPS WITH
A NIGHT LIGHT
ANDY WYETH PAINTS BY
NUMBER
HITLER IS ALIVE AND IN THE
WHITE HOUSE
RONALD REAGAN FOR FUHRER

While reading other walls, one is given the chance to bring back certain well-known individuals from the grave by filling in blanks. For instance, names that fit in the "Lives" or "Is Alive" formula include: GOD, MARAT, DULLES, LUMUMBA, RASPUTIN, PETER LORRE, MANDRAKE and FRODO (a character in J.R.R. Tolkien's trilogy LORD OF THE RINGS).

The recent national publicity over drugs, especially LSD, has provided graffiti writers with a new avenue of expression:

TAKE LSD AND SEE
POT: A HOBBY, NOT A HABIT
WANT COLOR TV? TRY LSD



grafficionado

BURN POT, NOT PEOPLE

One can find short arguments in the current theological debate on the walls:

GOD IS ALIVE AND HIDING IN ARGENTINA

GOD IS ALIVE BUT HE DOESN'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED

NO MORE EASTERS: JOSEPH

CONFESSED

BRING BACK PAGANISM

JESUS WORE LONG HAIR

GOD IS AN AXIOM

Protesters of the war in Vietnam have found that the walls provide an excellent place to exhibit their beliefs: WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS—

INVEST YOUR SONS

DRAFT BEER—NOT STUDENTS
IF YOU LIKED HITLER, YOU'LL

LOVE McNAMERA

GIRL SCOUTS WEAR THE BERET

LBJ FOR EX-PRESIDENT

Of course, war supporters advertise their beliefs, too:

BOMB HANOI

ESCALATE THE WAR

KILL A COMMIE FOR CHRIST

UNLEASH CHIANG KAI-SHEK
ON TO HANOI

One type of contemporary wall writing which brings out the best in a grafficionado is the reply to a message written by another person. Thus, underneath the famous slogan: YANKEE GO HOME, one can find such additions as AND TAKE ME WITH YOU and VIA PAN AM. Underneath the boast I'VE GOT WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS was written the squelch YOU MUST BE IN THE FUR COAT BUSINESS. One classic goes: MY MOTHER MADE ME A HOMOSEXUAL to which was added: IF I GIVE HER THE YARN, WILL SHE MAKE ME ONE, TOO? Another person expressed his dissatisfaction of the Great Society by writing IMPEACH JOHNSON, which provoked the response: WE ALREADY TRIED IT, STUPID, IN THE LATE 19th CENTURY—referring to the impeachment action against President Andrew Johnson. Other graffiti in this vein:

LONG LIVE NASSAR
THE ONLY ARAB ZIONIST.

DO NOT WRITE ON THE WALLS

YOU WANT WE SHOULD TYPE
MAYBE?

GOD WAS HERE

I SURE WAS—GOD

And posters don't escape the grafficionado's marking pen either. Underneath the poster proclaiming CHRIST IS THE ANSWER, someone wrote WHAT WAS THE QUESTION? One response to the JESUS SAVES poster is BUT MOSES INVESTS. Another, GREEN STAMPS, carries the reply HOW DO YOU THINK HE GOT HIS CROSS? The political sticker which states SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE is amended with BRIBE A COP TODAY. The black and yellow sign which states FALL OUT SHELTER: CAPACITY 260 often has the word CORPSES added underneath it. Of interest is the fact that a cigarette company has recently used, in its advertising campaign, bus and bill board posters which look like the work of a graffiti artist.

Perhaps the most famous single graffito is KILROY WAS HERE which
(continued on page 17)





A LONG TIME DYING

**She could hear his footsteps
leaving the graveyard...
then there was silence** by J. F. McCall

She returned to consciousness to find herself six feet under, safely and inexorably laid to eternal rest in a satin-quilted coffin. She had been buried just 15 minutes and the solemn workman above was still thickening clods of dirt on her mound. While she stilled an unbelieving, tearing scream of horror that rose to her lips, he dropped his shovel and left after patting the last clod in place on the mound above the newly-made grave. Her grave.

She could hear his footsteps leaving the graveyard. She could hear the first drops of rain that fell on the freshly-turned earth that covered her fine coffin and her body. Then there was silence. It was the utter dark silence that one always associates with the grave.

"This... this isn't happening to me," she told herself, while her fingers ran up and down the satin quilted lining that pressed so caressingly, so suffocatingly close to her face.

"Things like this don't happen. They... they embalm people. They drain their blood and substitute a fluid to keep the body preserved for a time. They must have done that to... me."

She felt the hysterical urge to claw her way out. It crept up from the back of her brain, vicious, nearly overwhelming. But just as her fingers bent into claws to tear, reached the tightly encompassing sides of the coffin, she crushed the feeling inside.

"Must keep my head. Try not to use up the air. I'll smother. Smother. Smother?" She stilled the clawing urge with a wild giggle. It sounded strange to her ears, out of place down here beneath wet clay.

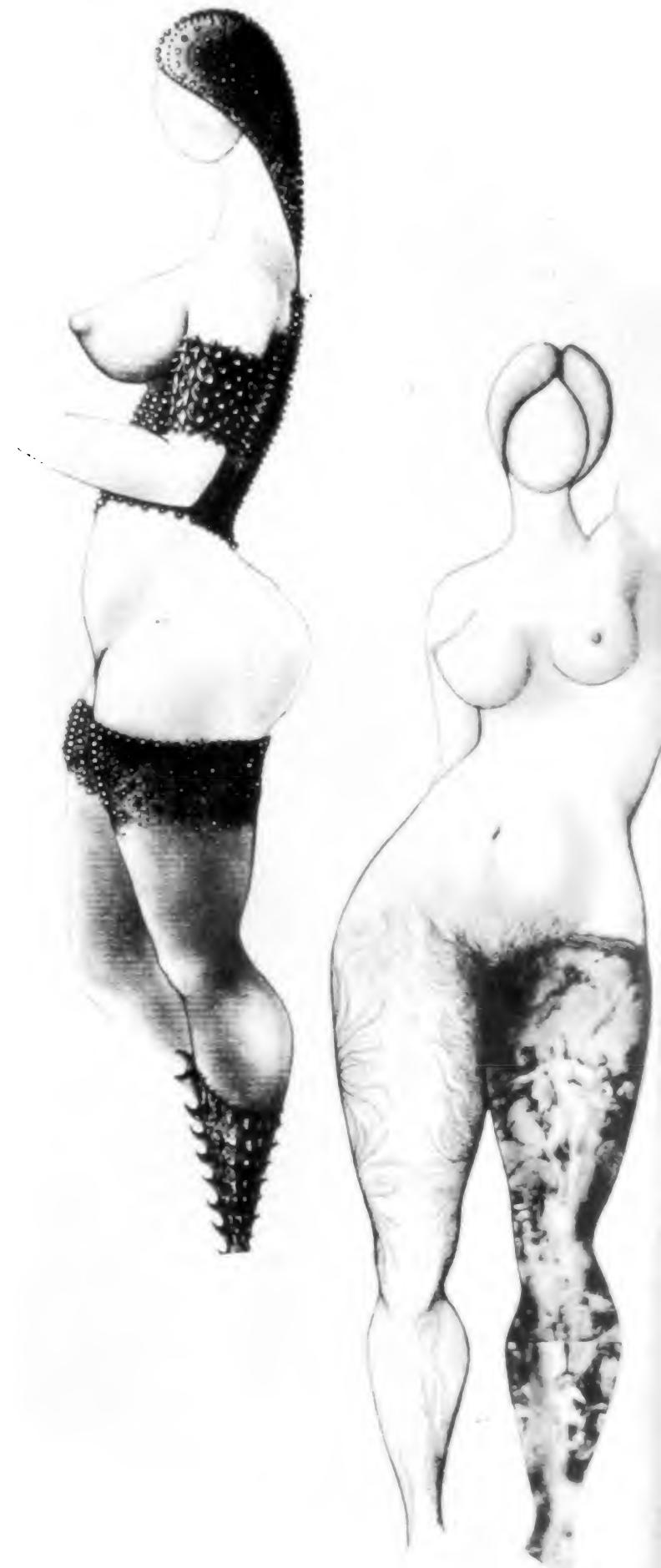
ROLDAN

THE ARTIST WITH THE MOST EROTIC PEN IN THE WORLD!

French artist Roldan is undoubtedly the most unique artist of the decade. In the tradition of many other famous artists and writers, he spent much of his life in prison — three prisons, to be exact. These prisons were in Brazil, the Canary Islands and Tangier. They all could have been named Devil's Island. Roldan's life has been a gaunt and sparse thing, his art is another story.

Roldan's work seems almost to abundant, too pneumatic. This is amazing, considering he works only with a pen and black ink. But within such limitations, he has put a microscope to man's foibles, finding delight in laying bare man's secret attachments to the opposite sex. In looking at these drawings, one can sense the pleasure Roldan savored as he lost himself in a world of voluptuous breasts and succulent buttocks.

His work has been shown in Europe since 1960. Plans are now afoot to give him an American showing. Our European correspondent tells us that there are some drawings so daring that an American show will have censorship trouble. ●





A LONG TIME DYING

(continued from page 9)

weighing a ton, maybe two tons. The screaming fear that tore at her throat, her heart, flung her arms up in a reflex action before she could stop them with the tiny portion of her brain that kept pleading for calmness.

"Be sensible. Be calm. Something will happen. Perhaps you WILL smother. Yes, smother... that's it. Smother!" Anything but this eternal darkness, the crushing weight above her, nothing to feel but the satin quilting on all sides. Above. Both sides. Under her. Satin quilting. The smell of flowers — and another odor not so pleasant.

The thought of the odor hit her for the first time.

It was unusual. She could not remember where she had smelled it before. But she had — once. Where? Where? The mental effort was too much. She wasn't using up the oxygen fast enough. Had to do something, something active. She wanted to die. How she wanted to die! If there was only some way to kill herself now. If only she could clutch her own throat and kill the stubborn spark that had failed to stay out the first time. What had happened? Why was she awake now? Didn't they embalm...

She screamed for the first time. Loud. Violent. Every thread of strength poured into the scream. It echoed in her ears like the screech of a freight train inside her brain.

"Someone must hear! Someone must hear me if I scream that loud."

She screamed again and again, bending her knees

as far as the coffin lid would allow, pulling her upper body taut with the effort of pushing out every drop of sound. Her throat hurt. Her forehead pressed against the satin quilting. Her nose flattened out of shape, buried in the folds of heavy satin smelling of flowers — and something else.

The iron control which her desperately reasoning will had held up until now vanished. She was no longer a woman. She was an animal fighting to get out. Not necessarily to live, but to get out of this crushing, suffocating prison that was pressing its way closer and closer to her sides. Pinning her arms down to her body, holding her legs straight. Torturing her into insanity.

"Die, die, die!", she screamed. "Let me die quickly, quickly. I cannot get out. No one can possibly hear. No one." And her screams were no longer like the screech of a freight train. They were whispers, hoarse and rasping. Inefficient, and pitiful.

In her struggle, she managed somehow to get one arm bent before her face. One leg was jammed sideways in the coffin, and she lay uncomfortably on her side, gasping into the satin-quilted lining. She was stuck. Fighting panic, she devoted her efforts to getting the arm and leg back into line.

"Easy... easy. Try to work slowly... slowly." She cried softly to herself. How had this happened to her? People didn't get buried alive these days. It wasn't possible. Never! The arm and leg straightened with difficulty. Her pounded with the exertion, her breath shortened.

"Maybe death will come now", she told herself breathlessly, waiting like an expectant child for a reward. Suffocation was like this, she knew. Slow, like sleep. Breathing becomes deeper, quicker, less satisfying. Hurts for a while, then unconsciousness and eternal sleep. She waited, smiling. And waited. And waited.

It was the odor — the strange, faintly-remembered odor — which brought her out of her blissful wait for death by suffocation. She remembered now. Years and years ago. Her first husband. Her plodding, honest, failure of a husband. She had walked out on him again. All she wanted was a little money and fun, a short affair with a real man. She was selfish and bitter, heedless and uncaring... And she had come back two weeks later to find her husband dead. Two weeks dead and still lying in their apartment. A rotting suicide. He was the first act curtain in the cruel, lustful play of her life.

The odor hit her now with all the force of that day so long ago. Death! When a person dies... when death claims the body... there was no screaming now. She hardly breathed because the realization came that she needed no air. She was not going to suffocate. The odor was the beginning of purification. And her coffin — her beautiful satin-quilted lining — reeked of it. She was dead.

And now she knew. Though the mind and will lived on, the body WAS dead. No fire, no devils, no pain in burning caldrons. This was her Hell — eternal consciousness in a satin-lined coffin. ●



"Oh come now Miss Manton... this is no time to start playing hard to get!"

Our trustworthy dictionary tells us that the definition of this bountiful gal's name means many things to many people. Such being the case, we've picked out only the meanings we feel are most suitable to accompany our Rogue's eye view of...

P.I.P. PHOTO BY BOB HUNTER



JOY

JOY: the emotion evoked by well-being, success, or good fortune, or by the prospect of possessing what one desires.

DELIGHT: the expression or exhibition of such emotion.





GAIETY: a state of happiness or felicity

BLISS: a source or cause of delight



CONFESIONS OF A GRAFFICIONADO (continued from page 7)

was often accompanied with a picture of a man's head with an elongated proboscis peering over a fence. Psychologists claim that the nose and upturned thumbs are defiant phallus symbols. Many a GI found Kilroy a welcome when entering strange European villages during World War II. Legend has it that Joseph Stalin became extremely angry when he found a Kilroy in his private bathroom during the Yalta Conference. But during the last few years, a reply to Kilroy has been seen scrawled on the walls of latrines: KILROY WOULDNT DARE COME IN HERE.

Like much of Life's finer things, graffiti have not escaped commercialization. Several enterprising individuals have manufactured and sold hundreds of thousands of buttons and bumper stickers which have as their messages graffiti instead of the usual political "Vote for . . ." or geographical "I Was There . . ." advertisements. A New York City shop called Underground Uplift Unlimited specializes in this sort of material and has produced over two hundred different buttons with slogans like:

F*CK CENSORSHIP
SAVE WATER SHOWER WITH
A FRIEND
CHASTE MAKES WASTE
NO EASTER THIS YEAR.
THEY FOUND THE BODY
GIVE THE GRASS A CHANCE
SUPPORT FREE ENTERPRISE:
LEGALIZE PROSTITUTION
BE FREE—GO CANADA
FORNICATION MAKES FRIENDS
CURE VIRGINITY
BE CREATIVE: INVENT A
SEXUAL PERVERSION
I AM AN ENEMY OF THE STATE
REPEAL INHIBITION
I LIKE OLDER WOMEN
WOMEN SHOULD BE OBSCENE
AND NOT HEARD
TAX THE CHURCHES
MORE DEVIATION—LESS
POPULATION
STERALIZE LBJ—NO MORE
UGLY CHILDREN

One button has the words NIRVANA NEEDED inscribed over a picture of a marijuana plant. The famous UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU recruiting poster is bitterly parodied by another. When one looks closely at this particular button, Uncle Sam is seen pointing a

pistol instead of his finger.

Two classic bumper stickers which first appeared two years ago are MARY POPPINS IS A JUNKIE and APPLE PIE CAN MAKE YOU STERILE. These have been joined by many others.

DR. ZHIVAGO IS A QUACK
I WANT MORE PUSSY GALORE
SEX BEFORE FINALS
MOTHER GOOSE HANGS LOOSE
SAVE RENT: SHACK UP WITH
A FRIEND
WARNING: TRESPASSERS WILL
BE VIOLATED
BRAHMS NOT BOMBS

Not all people who read the walls do it for enjoyment. Many anthropologists and historians have found that scrawls on ancient ruins have helped them recreate the climate of past civilizations. Some of the slogans written thousands of years ago reflect their own particular way of life. Other graffiti seem to be ageless and are similar to ones found today. The well preserved ruins of Pompeii, which were destroyed by volcanic action in 79 A.D., has provided much material for students looking for PhD material. Some graffiti found there include:

HERMES RECOMMENDS CAL-
VANTIUS FOR MAYOR
MAY YOU BE NAILED ON
THE CROSS
DADDY COLEPIUS KISSES THE
LADIES WHERE HE SHOULDN'T
EVERYBODY WRITES ON THE
WALLS BUT ME
I AM YOURS FOR TWO COPPERS
Q. BRITTIUS BALBUS IS ASSUR-
ING US THAT HE'LL BE AN
ECONOMY WATCHDOG ON
THE TREASURY
LUCILLA LAYS OUT HER BODY
AT A PROFIT

Perhaps the reader can think of contemporary graffiti comparable to these.

While ancient graffiti is carefully studied, many of today's scholars tend to look down on contemporary material, deeming it unworthy of serious study. However, within the last year, two serious studies of today's graffiti have been written. For five months, Professors Gershon Weltman and Harvey Lomas of UCLA combed bars, restaurants, bus stations and hospitals in the Los Angeles area for graffiti. They were denied access to the walls of the city's public schools, but did get material from the UCLA campus. Their paper, titled "What the Walls Say Today: A Study of Contemporary

Graffiti," was delivered at a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association. Some of their findings are

"Indoor wall writing was primarily restricted to bathrooms. Since bathroom writers were assured of a captive audience as well as anonymity, their messages were numerous and frequently quite lengthy.

"There was almost a complete absence of political or social commentary on outdoor walls. Of course, outdoor walls contained their share of provocative comments and insults, variations of F*ck You being most common."

"Responses to previous messages were more common indoors. Often these protested the previous writer's morality or general intelligence."

Their paper ends with four tables which systematically classify Message Locations, Message Style and Mode (example: technique for indoor macrowriting consists of marking pen, crayon, lipstick, sharp object, style is pictographs), Message Content (example: 1) Directed Interpersonal Communication, A. Sexual, 1 Messages, b) Provocative commentary and insults), and Messages Now and Then.

Professor Alan Dundes, University of California at Berkeley, presented his paper, titled "Here I Sit—A Study of American Latrinalia," at a meeting of the state's folklore society. His paper was about one specific type of graffiti: the slogans and poems found in bathrooms which he named *latrinalia*. These contained an abundance of four-letter words referring to various biological processes. Some of the milder gems he included:

(written over urinals)
THE FUTURE OF AMERICA IS
IN YOUR HANDS
IN CASE OF NUCLEAR ATTACK,
HIDE UNDER THIS URINAL
NO ONE EVER HITS IT
WE AIM TO PLEASE. YOU AIM
TOO PLEASE
(found in the Main Library,
Berkeley campus)
DON'T WRITE ON OUR WALLS
WE DON'T SH*T IN YOUR
NOTEBOOKS

The Regents—
WHAT'S FOUND IN OUR NOTE-
BOOKS IS SH*T ANYWAY

—The Students—
Professor Dundes believes that contemporary latrinalia is a legitimate area of inquiry and expresses dismay

(continued on page 72)

am I a people?

no, you're a
chicken



1

are chickens born?

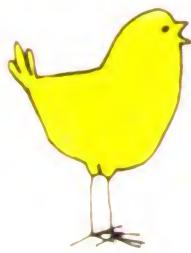
no, chickens are laid



2

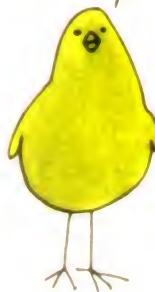
are people laid?

not all of them...
Some are chicken



3

?



4



JAZZ IN EUROPE

first the boom, then the revolution



AMERICA'S MOST VENERABLE INSTITUTION MAY HAVE COME UP THE MISSISSIPPI, BUT LATELY IT'S BEEN FLOATING DOWN THE SEINE, RHINE, DANUBE AND VOLGA...

ARTICLE BY BOB ABEL

JAZZ, as every veteran foot-tapper knows, made its way up the river from New Orleans, introduced Chicago to livelier ways, shook up Kansas City a bit, and then betook itself to that citadel of American culture, Manhattan Island, at one point making 52nd Street all its own. Finally, as it following Horace Greeley's dictum, the music headed west to the Pacific—thereby uniting the country in a common, granting regional accents—sound. I doubt if anyone out there in the audience will want to contest the role of jazz as among the purest examples of Americana.

It is one of the epoch's least noted ironies, then, that there is doubtless more jazz being played in Europe these days than back here in the old US of A, its home port. Does this sound implausible? Unpatriotic? **Subversive**, even? Well, spare the call to the FBI and/or the loyalty oath, because this is not to say that jazz is no longer **our** music, but rather that Europeans, and particularly the young people, in many ways are proving more hospitable to jazz than the folks back home.

The presence of expatriate jazz musicians and
(continued)



MANFRED SCHOOF (Germany)



KURT EDELHAGEN (Germany)



CLEO LANE (England)

visiting jazzmen from the U.S. is no small factor in the European love affair with jazz, but there is no question, either that Europe is producing more and better jazzmen and that we may one day soon be hearing something which fully qualifies as **European jazz**. For of all our exports to the Old World—not excluding chewing gum, Coca Cola or frozen spinach—none has proved more pervasive than the sound of jazz. The portents are great, the prospects exciting.

Rather than belaboring you with a country-by-country analysis in depth of jazz in Europe, let us take an extensive look at the jazz situation in one country—in this case, Germany, a nation hardly known for its fondness for any music without a distinctly Teutonic flavor. There are an estimated 50,000 jazz amateurs in Germany, with nearly every high school having a jazz band. Away from the amateur playing fields, all eight German radio networks, most of which are nationwide in range (at least at night), broadcast a weekly total of around 40 jazz programs—many of them 'live' concerts by the networks' own studio bands.

The most famous of these are the Kurt Edelhagen Band, loaded with top jazzmen from Germany and elsewhere, which is sponsored by the West German Network in Cologne, and the much-huzzahed Jazz Ensemble of the Hessian Network in Frankfurt, led by the fabled trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff. This musician of world stature heads a coterie of Frankfurt musicians who like to tell how, during the Nazi years, they had to post guards over an entire city block whenever they gathered together to play in some cellar simply because no cellar was soundproof enough to protect them against informers.

Today, Mangelsdorff and his musical cohorts are so highly regarded that his quintet is frequently sent on good will tours, one of the most recent of these being a 65-day, 50-performance trip through the Far East. Sponsor for this and other Mangelsdorff tours is Germany's prestigious Goethe Institute.

Frankfurt is also the site of the oldest regular jazz festival anywhere, supported since 1952 by the Hessian Network in that city. Radio networks in Germany are neither commercial nor state-owned, but instead independent organizations which are required to

operate in the public interest. This includes, to be sure, the fostering of culture and clearly culture in Germany includes jazz. By no means does this ensure that there are enough studio orchestras and clubs to provide a livelihood for every German jazzman of talent, but on the mass media level, at least, German's example is unrivaled in the West.

There has been a regular jazz show on German television since the inception of that medium in Germany, featuring not only American, German and other European jazz luminaries, but amateur German jazzmen as well. To help improve the quality of German jazz at the amateur level, the German Jazz Federation (a group similar to our own musicians union) last year organized a jazz clinic service for young musicians in both high school and college.

Two top musicians, altoist Emil Mangelsdorff (yep, Albert's brother) and pianist Joe Viera are in charge of this clinic, which is offered as a complimentary service to any school band which requests it. These clinic sessions may not persuade too many young musicians that modern jazz is vastly more exciting and challenging than the Dixieland or rhythm 'n blues they've been playing, but if they do no more than widen the audience for the newer forms of jazz, they will have added substantially to the generally healthy state of jazz in Germany.

That jazz in **Deutschland** is prospering artistically as well as economically was made dramatically clear at last summer's 10th German Jazz Festival at Frankfurt, where the voice of the **avant-garde** was dominant. Just five or six years ago there was no truly **avant-garde** jazz in Europe, and today there is a whole new generation of musicians who are hip to the "new thing," as it has been called.

The European tours of John Coltrane and other U.S. jazzmen have been partly responsible for this wide interest in the "new thing," but the principal influence has been the music of Ornette Coleman, that quiet, gentle man whose innovations have revolutionized the course of modern jazz. Coleman couldn't find work in America, at least not work at the price he felt he should command as a major jazz figure, so he took himself to Europe, residing in Scandinavia for two years. Coleman returned to this country



THE SWINGLE SINGERS

around a year ago, but his European stay has clearly had a monumental effect on the jazz thinking of many European musicians.

This was more than evident at the Frankfurt festival, where reported **Down Beat's** German correspondent, Joachim F. Berendt. There has never been a festival in Germany—and probably in Europe as a whole—with so much new jazz. Berendt, whose book on jazz is the all time jazz best-seller (well over 250,000 in the German language edition alone), also happily noted that the festival's four big concerts were "nearly sellouts," concluding his report with a rhapsodic "Never before has German jazz drawn so many people."

If all the audience members were as pleased as Berendt with the performances at the festival, it was a huge success indeed, but actually it was jazz—not merely German jazz—that they were applauding. Berendt himself pointed out the current cross-cultural orientation of the music when he hailed the Don Cherry Quintet, working out of Paris, as "a symbol of the internationalism of the new jazz." Cherry was formerly Ornette Coleman's sideman, but in the past few years he has been spending more time in Europe than in this country. His group is something of a small United Nations, consisting of an American, Cherry, Argentine tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri, German vibrapharpist Karl-Hanns Berger, Danish bassist Bo Stief, and Italian drummer Aldo Romano. Cherry himself confessed that the musical integration of his group "is like a miracle. We didn't know each other, but made ourselves acquainted with the melodies and folk songs of our different homelands, and our ideas are completely compatible."

Another **avant-garde** group, trumpeter Manfred Schoof's quintet, features a Javanese-Dutch musician, Neddy Hilstak, whom Berendt hailed as "a great discovery, and the Kurt Edelhagen Band from Cologne is very multi-national in its makeup. Among the leading big bands at the festival, "it was Edelhagen who rightfully received the biggest hand," Berendt reported, adding, in somewhat backwards English "Such a band, so filled with great soloists—Americans, Englishmen, Jamaicans, Yugoslavs, Austrians, Germans—Edelhagen has never had before."

Quite apart from the growing internationalism of jazz, though, the festival **did** accent the avant-garde, the newer jazz expressions, as Berendt has already pointed out. Both Coltrane and Coleman have had an impact on the leading German reed men, and even the veteran clarinetist, Rolf Kuhn, is playing with an intensity that would shock the hell out of those familiar with Kuhn's soft, lyrical, highly stylized approach to the clarinet when he lived in this country during the 1950s. Just a few years ago Berendt was observing of Kuhn's playing that it "combines the warmth and elegance of Benny Goodman with Buddy DeFranco's brilliance. Yet his is the tragedy of many clarinet players in modern jazz: they seem to be playing the wrong instrument." At that time Berendt wrote that Kuhn on any other instrument "would be a star," but apparently Kuhn has achieved stardom his own way and with his own instrument.

Part of the explanation for the improved musicianship of European jazzmen in general, of course, is that they no longer have to learn their jazz licks by listening to American records. Now they meet the Americans in the flesh. Again, just a few years back one critic was noting of Albert Mangelsdorff, tenor man Hans Koller and other leading German jazz musicians that they "seemed to have taken a great deal from the old Lennie Tristano sextet sides of 1949."

Well, Tristano has been to Europe in recent years and so has just about every leading American jazz figure. Furthermore there's been far more contact with jazzmen from Eastern Europe, where, because the musicians there have **not** been in such close contact with the Americans, a more experimental and original mode of jazz music has been evolving. The net result of all this exchange of musical ideas has been a marked improvement in the overall level of European jazz. "Europe is keeping up with the Americans now—the gap is closing slowly," says Eric Vogel, critic for the German magazine, **Jazz Podium**, and one of the recognized authorities on European jazz. "Ten years ago, there were few European jazzmen who could play here," Vogel continues, "but they are really creative in Europe now. The state of jazz there is very good."

Just how dramatic a transformation this represents is hard to realize unless you've been to Europe. Around five years ago I returned there for the first time since being stationed in Germany in 1954 and 1955. I was on assignment for several American magazines, one of whom had asked me to have a good listen to European jazz on behalf of its readers. But what I heard was not particularly inspiring, and I'm not speaking merely of the musical sounds.

For example, after traveling in England and Holland, I flew to Sweden, where I hoped to hear some of the better Swedish musicians, especially trumpeter Rolf Ericson, who had returned to his homeland after 15 years in the U.S. as a sideman with Stan Kenton, Charlie Barnet, Buddy Rich, Woody Herman

and other top bands. While big band work is both lucrative and steady, Ericson had found that it offers far less opportunity for personal expression, and so he had gone back to Sweden to lead a small group of his own. The reason I **didn't** get to hear Ericson was that after working with small groups both in Stockholm and Copenhagen, he had returned to America. "If you are a musician, you have to be there," he said at the time. "It may be a rat race, but that's where it's happening. I like to be part of the whole thing. There are lots of good jazz musicians in Europe, but they don't get together like they do in New York."

During my two months' stay in Europe that trip, I heard Ericson's expression of discontent with the lack of vitality and originality in European jazz echoed by musicians of several nations and varying musical persuasions. For instance, one night in Denmark's excellent jazz club, the Montmartre, I sat listening to America's Sahib Shihab play some very tasty saxophone while his Danish drummer hammered away at his foot pedal as if—to make a really terrible pun—he wanted to beat the band. When the number was over, Shihab cracked to the audience that "Danish musicians are so busy they don't have time to rehearse," this being a sarcastic allusion to the sloppy set just concluded.

In truth, very few Danish jazzmen were trying to make a living at the music at that time, most of them regarding it as a hobby or part-time profession. In the case of Max Bruel, a baritone saxophonist with a fine, big tone who is also one of Denmark's top architects,

DOUBLE SIX OF PARIS



it is jazz' loss that he doesn't pursue it full-time. In the case of the drummer, who does make his living hitting the foot pedal, I am not so sure.

Later that same night, I had a long talk with Lars Blach, a promising young guitarist who waxed bitterly over the plight of Danish jazz. "I'll die here," Blach said, using an aptly Scandinavian metaphor to describe strongly-held views. "Jazz is a language . . . you wouldn't believe it . . . can you play jazz in Sanskrit! Blach went on to express his belief that state socialism, for all its virtues, encourages an attitude which is inimical to jazz development because it provides for basic needs and doesn't produce the incentive which oftentimes fosters creative development.

As he put it, "Here nothing is hard . . . so Denmark produces nothing at all." And so, for his basic needs, he left Denmark shortly thereafter and came to America to study music. For him, the Golden Age of Jazz in Denmark had been the years in which Stan Getz lived in Scandinavia, and when Getz left, so, for Lars Blach, did jazz.

Blach had complained that Danish musicians were not receptive to new music and, worse yet, played badly what they did play, losing harmonies and constantly getting out of beat. In Germany, I heard a different story—the talent wasn't scarce, but the jobs—apart from the studio orchestras—were scarce indeed. There were only eight jazz clubs in the whole country, a young saxophonist told me one night while we were having a drink in The Taratella, then Munich's only hostel for modern jazz.

But even this dim, candlelit jazz **keller** was about to convert to rock 'n roll, and on the jukebox yet, so he would soon be out of a job. The future for jazz in Germany, he felt, was about as dim as the Taratella. Yet a week or so later, an Austrian musician was telling me that he was leaving Vienna for Germany, where he would be playing with Hans Koller's radio group in Munich. But he, too, agreed, that the European jazz scene was a dim one.

On this particular night, we were sitting in Vienna's one jazz club, a subterranean clip joint named Fatty George's, where my friend was part of the band. When Herr George, who looks like an Austrian version of Al Hirt, was on the premises, the band played Dixie or 'modern' with Dixie arrangements. But when Herr George and his clarinet were off the bandstand, the young musicians promptly began playing a distinctly more contemporary brand of jazz, even throwing in an occasional medley of scat singing in German. Between sets I talked with some of the group and got fairly chummy with the pianist, who was the one who was emigrating to Germany. Once there, he would remain in Germany, he vowed.

Pressed for an explanation, he put it succinctly enough (although I had to promise not to use his name, should he ever want to return to Austria): "It's impossible to live as a jazzman here. They don't want new things—they dream of 100 years ago!" What audience does exist for jazz, he added slightly

grimly, wants nothing more than music for dancing. And did he really expect to find things that much better in Germany? "In Europe, there is no scene," came his answer, by now a somewhat familiar refrain.

The obvious question, then, at this juncture, is how have such strides been made in the past half-decade, both in the level of musicianship and the popularity of the music? Probably the key factor, as indicated earlier, is the presence of so many top-flight American jazzmen either living in Europe or there on extensive tours.

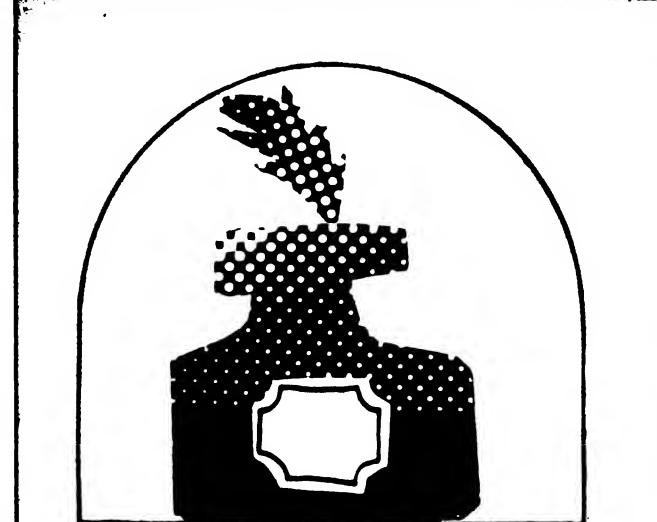
If work is sometimes still hard to come by for many European jazz musicians, there certainly is plenty of work for both the European jazz stars and the "name" American musicians. Indeed, some of the musicians in constant demand are in constant transit, as it were. For example, Johnny Griffin, the popular American tenor man who has been living abroad for the past two years, or so, began a month's engagement at Ronny Scott's Jazz Club in London last July after an extended stay at the Jazzland Club in Paris. Just before this he had appeared at the Festival du Marais in Paris, performed at the Academy of Music in Perugia, Italy, and substituted for fellow expatriate Dexter Gordon at the Bologna Jazz Festival in Italy. Gordon, for his part, was hardly loafing during these few months.

Living in Copenhagen much of the time, he was playing at the Montmartre between engagements in Paris, Munich and Berlin. Then he began a long engagement at a new jazz club in Lisbon, Portugal. If all this sounds like an improbable amount of bouncing around, just place a map of the U.S. over a map of Europe and you'll see that it's quite feasible to more or less commute, via jet, from one European capital to other major cities in Europe for club dates and appearances at the various jazz festivals.

Ah, the festivals! One reason so much more jazz is being heard in Europe these days is the proliferation of festivals in most European countries. Almost every week of the year, or so it seems, there is a jazz festival somewhere in Europe. There's been a festival in Bled, Yugoslavia, for the past five summers. There have been festivals in various cities in Poland for the past decade. The first one was held in Sopot, before an audience of 8,000, and began with a street parade, New Orleans style, through the ancient streets of the town. Everybody loved that parade except the local branch of the Communist Party, which felt compelled to denounce it as "subversive and pornographic." Each year there are jazzfests in Berlin, Prague, Barcelona, Lugano, Switzerland, Loosdrecht, Holland, Kongberg and Molde in Norway.

One of the top events in the festival season is the annual five-day bash in Antibes-Juan-les-Pins, that glamorous resort city in southern France, but the festival with the most *gemutlichkeit* is the annual get-together in Belgium's tiny Comblain-la-Tour, where the festival site is a cow pasture outside of town.

(continued on page 70)



LIMERICKS

Rogue's gallery of sundry verse. Ribald, modern & terse.

In the interest of furthering sin
One squilles a dolly with gin.
When squifled, all vice
Looks alluring and nice,
And the next thing you're IN,
like E. FLYNN!

There was a young lady of Crewe
Whose hymen a chap blundered through-
This she told to her mother
Who fixed her another
Out of rubber, red ink and some glue.

In this world there is one thing for sure...
For eating there's really no cure.
What you fang as fine chow
Wanders through you somehow,
And ends up at the end as manure.

There was a young maid from Mobile
Whose equipment was made of blue steel!
She got all her thrills
From pneumatic drills,
And off-centered emery wheels.

A hot little dolly named Wishion
Developed wild yens for coition...
She gave lays away
Until yesterday,
When she learned men'll pay for admission.

A slushy swamp girl, Chloe Cloggs,
Went wading one day in the bogs...
I imagine her fright...
She discovered that night
Her trap full of live pollywogs!



angelique! angelic?

If, as the old saying goes, one picture is worth a thousand words
oh, what volumes we would have to write to adequately do justice
to Angelique.

Of course, we could always begin this project by describing her
good points (but somehow we feel you've already got **that** message!)

Or, on the other hand, we could tell you how pleasing her obviously
generous nature is to the men in her life (but again, we have the
feeling that you're already turned on to her heavenly vibrations!)

But alas, since the finer aspects of her personality are so apparent,
we find ourselves at a loss for words. We think you'll agree that
Angelique's photos are more loquacious than we could ever be!

not on your life!

*If you like this view of Angelique "on her elbows" roll over to page 38
and let her flip you out "on her back."*



The odds were against him — but for twenty pieces of gold and the Duke's wife, even a con man like Gillian couldn't turn them down!

The Birdman Of Brookenshire

BY ED DUMONTE



With the coming of dawn, Gillian thought it safe to disentangle himself from the briar patch he had spent the night in. Pulling himself erect, aching in every muscle, he looked down at his long, lean frame. He was marked from head to toe with bruises like a spotted dog and by a thousand bright red holes from the thorns. He decided he was still better off than if those peasants had caught him with the pitchforks they were brandishing. It was Gillian's business to travel the countryside with his crooked wheel, hitting local festivals and village fairs, taking copper coins away from the wretchedly poor serfs who worked the land.

"Mister, that's a real bad case of cow-pox you've got," a voice behind him said. Gillian whirled to find a young girl staring out of the bushes at him with bright eyed amusement.

"And from this angle I see you've got other problems as well," she told him. Gillian grabbed his wet cloak from a bush and wrapped it around himself.

"Young lady, if you're leading a pack of angry peasants with pitchforks, you may as well run me through and get it over with. I'm too tired to fight."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said, stepping into the clearing. "But I can promise not to run you through if you can promise me as much."

The girl was young, with soft, doe colored hair and wide, flashing black eyes. She was slender and nearly as tall as Gillian himself.

"Let me help." She pulled Gillian's cloak away and turned him around to begin washing and patching his backside.

"I seem to have crossed a boundary during the night. On one side they want to stick me full of holes, on the other they just as violently want to fill them. Who are you, and where am I?"

"You don't know where you are?"

"I didn't take time to read the road signs.... OOWWWWW!"

"A splinter," the girl explained. "My name is Alicia. And this is Brookenshire, the demesne of Harold, Duke of Brookenshire. Harold the Hawk, he's called."

"Aha, the Lord of the manor is a warrior. Fearless.... Strong...."

"No, he's an old man. Wrinkled.... decrepit.... cross-eyed.... They call him 'the Hawk' because he's an expert at falconry. He hunts things with big, vicious birds."

"How do you happen to know so much about the Duke?" Gillian asked.

"I'm his wife."

At that moment three mounted soldiers came crashing through the bushes into the clearing. They were followed by a much smaller, much older man mounted on a jet black horse, wearing a robe trimmed with ermine. Gillian knew that this was Harold the Hawk.

"Alicia, what in the name of hell are you doing back there?" Harold roared.

"Repair work," she said sweetly.

"Repair work? Is it broken? Do I dare ask how it got broken?"

Gillian's mouth opened, but nothing came out.

"Didn't you say something about being attacked by robbers?" Alicia prompted.

"Ahh.... Yes... Robbers...."

Harold was truly interested now.

"You mean to say robbers attacked you specifically to steal or damage your...."

"No, no, Milord. It wasn't that way at all."

But then, what way was it? Gillian's mind, shocked into numbness by the appearance of the Hawk and his soldiers, slowly began to function again in its usual manner.

"I come bearing gifts, Milord," Gillian said, putting the story together quickly. "Gold and silver plate.... Rich silks from far Cathay.... Gifts of friendship sent to you by my Prince, Bertram of Hossenfeffer. I am the Baron Gillian de Hossenfeffer."

Gillian made a deep, sweeping bow, the effectiveness of which was somewhat mitigated by the fact that he was still stark naked.

"Yeah, sure you are," Harold said skeptically. "But unfortunately all those things were stolen from you by the big bad robbers."

"Did you hear that story, Alicia? The man says.... Will you get your hands off that goddam thing!"

Reluctantly, Alicia left her repair

work and mounted a horse provided by one of the soldiers. Gillian picked up his cloak and wrapped it around himself again.

"The gifts are perfectly safe, Milord. My wife and a troop of soldiers are following with the cart, about three days behind me." Gillian had one more card to play. "I was robbed only of my personal gift to you. A pair of trained hawks."

"What's that! They stole hawks that you were bringing for me?" Harold ranted. "This is unforgivable! I'll hang every outlaw in Brookenshire unless those birds are returned to me. Even the registered ones."

Harold gestured to a soldier to give up his horse. Gillian mounted the animal and moved up beside the Duke.

"A whole cart-load of gifts, eh?" Harold mused, signaling the entourage to start. "Gold and silver plate, too, you say."

We rode toward the castle in silence for a moment, while Harold mentally added up the value of a cart-load of gold and silver plate. When they arrived at the castle, Gillian was shown to a room and given fresh clothes to replace the soggy cloak he had wrapped around himself. After he finished dressing a servant took him to the banquet hall, where Harold and Alicia were having lunch.

"Halloo!" Harold shouted from the head of the table. "C'mon down here."

"I prefer to eat in here," the Duke explained when Gillian got within speaking distance, "because it gives me a chance to play with my pets."

Chained to a stand behind Harold's chair were half a dozen peregrine falcons wearing plumed hoods. By way of illustrating his play, Harold drew on a heavy leather glove that covered his hand and forearm and placed one of the birds on it. He removed the bird's hood and after giving it a minute to become oriented, took a piece of meat from his plate and threw it up toward the vaulted ceiling of the banquet hall.

The bird watched it for an instant, then shot from the Duke's arm like an arrow from a bow.

(continued)

THE BIRDMAN OF BROOKENSHIRE

(continued from preceding page)

Even before the meat had started to fall back to the table the bird grabbed it and perched on a rafter overhead to tear it apart between beak and talon.

"Ain't that beautiful?" Harold chirped. "I could watch these birds work all day long."

"They're magnificent creatures," Harold said.

"They are indeed," Gillian said, wiping a drop of blood off his hand with disgust. "And I sorely regret the loss of the remarkable birds I was bringing you. They were trained to hunt in pairs."

"Hunt in pairs? Nonsense. I've never heard of such a thing. Hawks, by their very nature, are solitary hunters."

"And so were these, Sire, until I had them trained. That was a job that took months. Even for me."

"Even for you, eh? Pretty good falcon master, are you?"

"With all modesty," Gillian said, "I confess that I am the best hawk trainer I have ever known."

"Second best," Harold said firmly.

"The best."

"Now that you know me, you are the second best hawk trainer you have ever known."

"I bow to your authority, Sire, but really.... My father and his father before him were falcon masters at the court of the Prince of Hossenfeffer. I have spent all my life learning the noble art of falconry. My Lord, where I come from we have a way of settling these disputes. Two men who wish to test their skill at falconry smear their best birds with rabbit blood and let the two fight it out."

"A hawk fight? It sounds vicious. I'll do it."

"I would be happy to accept your challenge, Sire, but as you know my birds are gone; stolen."

"Since your birds were stolen by my thieves, Baron, I'll give you one of mine. You can train him in your methods, and when you're ready we'll send them up to fight."

"Very well, Milord. If that is your command."

"Good. Now then.... What do you bet?"

"Bet? I can't bet. I don't have anything."

"Hmmm. You said your wife was coming with the cart and the soldiers, didn't you?"

"That's right, in about three days..... I can't bet my wife!"

"Why not? I'll bet my wife. And at that I'll be giving you Duchess to Baroness odds."

"Very well, Milord, if that is your command. It's a bet."

"Good. You'll have two days to train the bird you choose, and on the third day, when the cart arrives, we'll send them up to fight."

Gillian inspected the birds for a moment and finally chose the largest one. He released the chain around its leg and grabbed it by the neck to pick it up. The bird let out a terrific shriek.

"What in the name of God are you doing?" Alicia asked.

"I was going to take this bird out and start training him."

"That's not the way to handle those beasts," she told him. "How long did you say you were falcon master in the court of Prince Whatsizname?"

"Well.... Maybe I exaggerated a bit," Gillian confessed.

"Yeah, maybe," she said wonderingly. "And you challenged the best bird trainer in the country to a hawk fight with your wife as the stake."

"Well, I exaggerated a bit there, too. Besides, I liked the odds."

"You mean you don't have a wife? And you're not a bird trainer. And you're probably not a Baron from Hellandgone, either. What kind of a con man are you?"

"Your husband is the best bird trainer in the country - I'm the best con man. Just to get into the spirit of the thing," Gillian suggested, "why don't you show me how to drive this beast and give me a sporting chance?"

Alicia took a long leather glove from the bird stand and showed Gillian how to put it on so that it covered his forearm. She put his protected arm up to the stand in front of the bird he had been throttling and gently nudged the bird's behind. It stepped forward onto Gillian's arm.

"I can feel the devil's claws through the glove," he complained. "Now tell me what's 'giddap' and 'whoa' in hawk talk."

"To make the bird fly, take the

hood off its eyes and throw it into the air from your arm. When you want it to come back, hold your arm out in front of you for it to land on."

Gillian carefully untied the plumed hood and took it off the bird's head. The big peregrine stood for a moment smoothing its ruffled feathers and shaking its head, getting used to the light.

"I think he hates me," Gillian said. He reached for the bird with his free hand and it snapped at him with a beak like a steel trap. "See! He hates me!"

"Well, what are you doing to him?"

"I was going to throw him in the air, like you said."

"You don't throw him like a rock. Raise your arm fast and he'll get the idea."

Gillian did and the hawk spread its wings and took off. After watching the bird for a few minutes, Gillian held out his gauntleted arm and the hawk flew back and landed on it.

"All right, Baron," Alicia said. "Now you know as much about hawk training as I do. And I have just one question: When the bird you don't know how to train gets killed - and Harold gets tired of waiting for a wife you don't have - and you can't stall any longer about a cart load of gifts that don't exist - then what the hell are you going to do?"

"Punt, Madam: punt."

Gillian spent the next couple of afternoons in a meadow behind the castle, working with his bird. From the Brookenshire falcon master he had gotten a stuffed lure that was used for training young hawks. The lure was a small bag that was filled with straw, covered with feathers and tied to the end of a thirty-foot thong. The trainer released his hawk and swung the lure around in a circle. When the hawk, flying high above, saw the moving lure it swooped down on it like winged lightning. Fully trained hawks were used for hunting other birds, or field mice and rabbits, occasionally turning up with a young fox. A peregrine falcon will attack anything that moves.

On the morning of the third day, Gillian stopped at the blacksmith's on his way to the training field. He

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A SCREWY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE ORGY



OR: WHEN I GOT THERE THE PARTY WAS BARE



He said it was just a "come as you are" cocktail party — and I guess he really didn't lie! At any rate, it didn't take me long to get into the swing of things. In less time than it takes to say **STRIPE** — I did



ROGUE THROWS A WAY-OUT PARTY

The word is out that the big revolution in party-going and party-throwing is the now famous (or infamous, as the case may be) orgy... so we decided to host one of our own and see what really happens at a well-planned scene! Naturally, getting our friends to participate in our experiment wasn't hard at all, especially after we gave them a sneak preview of our center spread girl, Angie, and told them she'd be there with bells on. In fact, most of our male guests said they wouldn't mind if she came without bells. I wonder what they meant by that? At any rate, we did discover a few things. Any good swing depends on the guests and their desire to have a ball. That, coupled with an abundance of lusty wenches, we guarantee will make yours a... success! 



It's funny - either I'm getting older or the bra manufacturers are getting a heck of a lot smarter.



"Is it really a party if you don't have balloons?"



"I always talk a lot at parties, honey. Do you mind if I rest on your shoulder for a while? My chin is tired."



"Oh yes, of course they help me keep my balance."



BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE
THERE'S NO PLACE
LIKE HOME 

"Just what do you mean, they've opened many a door for you? I can't see how you manage to turn the knob."



"Well, I guess it would be all right for you to call me for a date, but I can't stay out alone after ten."

THE OUTRIGGER SPECIAL

Remember those horrible Maria Montez and Jon Hall South Sea Islands spectaculairs of the thirties? When The Great God Mugi Pugi always reached His point of exasperation—usually four minutes into the sixth reel—and lets go either with an earthquake or a tornado or a volcanic eruption, and then Jon battles through the bubbling lava flow to save Maria?

Well, you may remember that, but what you've most likely forgotten—or were too young to have even known about—was an inevitable scene in these dreadfules wherein the island drunk, usually an Irish remittance man, walks into the local saloon and orders his regular and the barkeep mixes a bit of this and that, shakes it, pours it into a large malted glass, and says: "That'll keep yer feathers ruffled for a while, yer old coot."

Ever wonder what that concoction was? So did we. But we did something about it. We won't bore you with the sordid details (which involved bribery on high levels of the Late Show administrative staff) so here we proudly present a reasonable equivalent of the original recipe ●

OUTRIGGER SPECIAL or LAVA FLOW OR NOT, HERE I COME

3 oz. orange juice
1 oz. Falenum
2 oz. Passion Fruit
1 oz. lime juice
3 oz. Demarara Rum
2 oz. Dark Puerto Rican Rum
Blend and serve in 16 oz. Hurricane glass. Garnish with Orange slices, red and green cherry, sprig of mint. Serve while watching the Late Show.

Photo taken at Frances Langford's Outrigger Restaurant by Jaffe, Smith Inc



Black, Black Is Not The Color Of A President's Hair

**Do Fair-Toffed Candidates For the Nation's Highest Office Have More Fun? We
Don't Know, But They Sure Get More Votes** by Arthur and Norma Sue Woodstone

A fervent Democrat voiced fear that Richard M. Nixon would be elected. "Don't worry," he was assured pleasantly by Kenneth Tynan. "You Americans aren't mature enough to elect a President who has to shave twice a day."

It was a clean-shaven Nixon who once informed advertising and broadcasting executives gathered in a New York hotel that politicians were facing up to the reality of selling their candidates the same way advertisers sell soap. Since color and shape are fundamental to the art of packaging and packaging, fundamental to the sale of soap, it might therefore be assumed that these same qualities are fundamental to the sale of a Presidential candidate, in whom every little thing seems to count for much more.

Mr. Nixon may not have realized then that he himself was the wrong color for a Presidential package, and apparently, he still doesn't realize it, because he's running like crazy for 1968. Yet Tynan seemed onto something—probably a political trend: the era of fluent mass communications had already produced three losers who happened to have black hair. Wendell L. Willkie was first, in 1940. Then Thomas E. Dewey lost in 1944, and, when politics didn't turn him gray, again in 1948. Adlai E. Stevenson lost in '52 and in '56, even though his dark hair was thinning. And Nixon was—and is—doomed to be the fourth.

Why? Black somehow remains in the mind of White Protestant Americans as a minority color belonging on the heads of Italians, Greeks, Jews, Count Dracula, Simon Legree, and fewer and fewer of the Irish. It may be okay on mayors, Congressmen, and even governors, but not on American Presidents, who must be made of fairer stuff.

Take George Wallace of Alabama. Only two percent of America trusts him enough to lend him money. This was probed from respondents prior to the '64 election by the Institute of Motivational Research, which subliminally measured the

nation-wide popularity of Presidential aspirants. Nationally, Wallace is best known for two things—his racial policies and his appearance. Is there a direct relationship between racism and financial trustworthiness, or, rather, are Americans unconsciously afraid of sardonic mouths, very black hair, and thick, arched, black eyebrows? Surely the movies would never cast Wallace as a bank president and certainly never as that super-symbol of American honor—Andy Hardy's father—so he's no better off next year than Nixon.

Like the movies, last election's Republican Vice Presidential candidate William E. Miller frequently—and publicly—acknowledged the importance of the right looks, and in 1960 both Presidential candidates attempted to alter their appearances subtly because they worried about it.

Two years before he ran, Miller suggested that looks are "very important" in politics. Along with "personal appearance," he mentioned the "ability to articulate well" and the "ability to project a personality." Personality as defined in the American College Dictionary is "an embodiment of an assemblage of qualities," and is not appearance a quality? If so, Miller in 1962 was giving double weight to a politician's looks. As Republican National Chairman, Miller must have reflected on the nature of Nixon's failure and since then had time to speculate on the potential of his own dark, smooth hair and sharp features.

Before, during, and after his first debate with Kennedy, Nixon's looks worried the Republicans. His aides came early and made sure that the C.B.S.-TV cameramen took no shots of the left Nixon profile and that C.B.S.-TV electricians used tiny spotlights on his eye wells to "illuminate the darkness there," according to Theodore H. White in "The Making of the President." White states that the network, "understandably zealous, had equipped its camera with brand new tubes for the most perfect projection possible—a per-

fection of projection that could only be harmful to the Vice President."

In the initial television debate, Nixon wore only "Lazy Shave," a cosmetic to hide his chronic stubble. It was apparently not enough, and White says that thereafter the candidate wore theatrical make-up "to repair the ravage TV's electronic tube makes of his countenance." But a Presidential candidate can only do so much to alter or hide already famous physical characteristics.

For the debates, J.F.K. also made a change in his appearance. As a candidate, he may have worked harder at giving resonance to his voice, but it was the change in his hair style that drew the attention. Dr. William B. Prendergast, one-time research director of the Republican National Committee, recently alleged that Democratic researchers had discovered that long, curly hair was hurting the Kennedy image. So, for the first time in his political career, Kennedy cut his hair short. Prendergast explained the haircut: "If you talk to politicians, you will find they put great emphasis on the youthful, clean-cut look." A spokesman for Louis Harris, who was the principal Kennedy researcher during the campaign of 1960, later denied that his boss was a hair stylist. But it was obvious that somebody in the Kennedy camp, perhaps Kennedy himself, felt that a President could not be as pretty as a Senator.

"Looks are important," believes Dr. Ernest Dichter, head of the Institute for Motivational Research, "but not necessarily good looks." He says, "Voters," he adds, "don't like cuteness: the great movie star is often rather ugly than beautiful," and he cited Spencer Tracy, (movie moguls, incidentally, agree that Tracy is the right Presidential type, but Tony Curtis, for example, is not.) "Very good looking men," according to Dichter, who thrives on probing the mass unconscious, "tend to look more permanently made-up to voters." And one of Dr. Dichter's latest surveys shows

that citizens have the desire, if not the ability, to distinguish the "real" from the "made up."

Dr. Dichter did not reach back as far as Willkie, so there is no way of knowing whether voters in 1940 had the feeling he was too made-up. However, the Republican did have black hair, and there were people who considered him a mite too handsome. Although he was already married, he is said to have gotten a number of proposals. His defeat by F.D.R. came in a time before motivational research and besides, historians, encased in hindsight, say that F.D.R. was positively unbeatable by anyone. Thus we pass darkly over not only Willkie but Dewey's first candidacy in 1944, when he lost to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

But in 1948, the talk was of Dewey as odds-on favorite to take the Presidency from Harry S. Truman. People also talked about the Republican nominee as "the little man on the wedding cake." This remark, supposedly originating with Alice R. Longworth, daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, had crystallized into laughter the vague uneasiness some voters suffered while looking at Dewey. It is doubtful, though, that the remark hurt him as much as the looks prompting it—black, patent-leather hair; a white, pastry complexion, and a certain "cuteness" better suited to a cake-tray than the White House.

By the time of his surprise victory over Dewey, Harry S. Truman had grown a lot of white hair and had the well-lined face of somebody's uncle. A Dichter survey has disclosed that Americans tend first to select father images for the Presidency, although they give "uncles" as "a possibility." In our everyday fantasy world, uncles are never as patently reliable as fathers, nor are they, should people think about it, as unreliable as dolls.

The Dewey doll, on the other hand, might have been on more equal terms against the Adlai E. Stevenson shine. Going bald is not a debit in itself, but by 1952 Stevenson was going bald the

wrong way, for politics. The hair had eroded first in the middle of his dome, creating an odd, dark fringe like a monk's which marred the grace of a brow otherwise as noble as his opponent's. A few giddy Americans began to sing of Stevenson as "the worry with the fringe on top." Nor was the Stevenson face as saleable as his opponent's, for it had too much nose and too little chin.

Then again, nobody's head seemed as saleable as Eisenhower's. It was adjudged the perfect political physiognomy by politicians and journalists, who took to using adjectives like "warm" and "fatherly." Besides the goodness and masculinity of a father, however, the head evidently suggested the wisdom and power of a genie.

Nixon had said sell politicians like soap. Now the trend was reversed: at the height of Eisenhower's Presidential popularity, there was born Mr. Clean, who also had a high forehead, friendly crinkles, and fair eyes. It has been observed, furthermore, that

Messrs. Eisenhower and Clean have button noses, broad jaws, and lips suspiciously similar.

Mr. Clean is produced by Procter & Gamble, whose spokesmen choose to renounce the similarities ("Oh, no, the head of P&G and Ike are very close friends," says an executive at one of P&G's many advertising agencies.). But Mr. Eisenhower, who has expressed respect for alertness and is known for his generosity, would probably still comment favorably on the keen familiarity of the company's executives with the techniques of mass psychology. Besides, it's hard to resist feeling flattered when a major American firm thinks enough of your masculinity to reproduce it on a widely distributed bottle. Of course, Mr. Eisenhower doesn't wear an earring, but then working husbands don't have to fear his being around their wives all day.

Now visualize the strong, square features of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Clean in black hair, even thinning black hair, under which patriarchal dignity is smothered

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"Come, come, Jason. I'm not that difficult to get an order out of..."







My world is
just a bowl of cherries
SO BON APPÉTIT!

THE BIRDMAN OF BROOKENSHIRE

(continued from page 28)

directed the smithy in hammering out a couple of small pieces of metal, then took the falcon into the meadow for another day of practice. About noon Alicia rode out to the field to talk to him.

"I have news for you, birdman," she said as Gillian helped her down from her horse. "Harold is tired of waiting. He sent me out here to tell you he's put off all his business for this afternoon and he's going to bring his hawk out to fight yours."

"Good. I'm ready for him. Watch." Gillian pointed to his peregrin, a black dot in the sky lazily circling over the field. He picked up the training lure and began swinging it around his head. Suddenly, the dot became a streak, and when it reached the lure the stuffed bag erupted into a snow-storm of straw and feathers.

"I've never seen that happen before," Alicia said.

"That's because you've never seen a hawk trained by Baron Gillian, falcon master to the Prince of Hossenfesser," Gillian told her.

"Yeah, sure. But remember, a straw bag doesn't fight back and Harold's bird will."

Gillian raised his arm to signal the hawk to return. When the bird was perched on Gillian's arm, he slipped a restraining chain around its leg and moved it to the limb of a tree.

"He needs a chance to rest," Gillian explained. "I don't want him overtrained for the fight this afternoon."

Alicia spread a blanket beneath the tree and from a food sack tied to the horse produced meat, bread, cheese, fruit and wine. She opened a bottle of wine and invited Gillian to sit beside her on the blanket.

"Harold will be coming out in a couple of hours," she said. "I thought it would be a waste of time to go back to the castle to eat, so I brought out a few things I thought you might like."

"As a matter of fact, my dear, you brought out everything I like. And food, too." Gillian took the bottle of wine from her and poured a good bit of it down his throat.

"It's really too bad that you con-

ned Harold into this hawk fight," Alicia said, leaning back against the tree and looking up at Gillian with big, dark eyes.

"Well, if you feel I'm going to lose the hawk fight this afternoon," he said, "maybe I ought to demonstrate a few of my talents now, so you can decide for yourself whether or not they're being wasted."

"I had something like that in mind."

Alicia raised the bottle in salute and finished the wine. Gillian pulled her close to him and started a long, searching kiss. His long, searching hand slipped inside the front of her dress.

After a few minutes they moved the blanket behind some bushes and Gillian demonstrated his talents. Alicia was talented, too.

Harold rode up later in the afternoon with his hawk and a troop of soldiers. The party came to a stop beside the tree where Gillian's bird and Alicia's horse were tethered.

"They must be around here someplace," Harold said. "Nothing on earth could make a good falcon man go off and leave his bird unattended."

At that moment Gillian and Alicia stood up and stepped out of the bushes. Both were flushed—not with embarrassment—and somewhat rumpled.

"Every time I find you you're in a mess of bushes," Harold shouted at Gillian. "What the hell do you find to do in there?"

"If you have to ask, I couldn't explain."

"The Baron was showing me a nest of bird's eggs he found this morning," Alicia said, straightening her dress.

"This isn't the first time for you, either," Harold grumbled. "By God, woman, by now you must know the location of every bird's nest in Brookenshire."

"Did you come to see me, Sire?" Gillian asked, hoping to change the subject before it got dangerous.

"Yes, I came to see you! Where the hell is that cart-load of gifts you've been promising me for the past three days?"

"I don't know, Sire. Perhaps the cart has had some sort of accident. In any case, there's no need to worry. The cart is protected by my

personal bodyguards."

"Oh, I wasn't much worried; as long as I have you. After my hawk wins the fight I can always get my winnings out of your hide."

"Perhaps we'd better sent the birds up as soon as possible, to find out who owes whom," Gillian suggested.

"Exactly what I had in mind," Harold said. "And just to make it interesting, what say we make a little side bet of twenty pieces of gold. If your wife doesn't have that much cash with her when she arrives, she can work off the difference."

"Very well, Milord, if that is your command."

"Good; then let's get started. I've come fully prepared, with my best bird and sacrificial rabbit."

Harold pulled on a long leather glove and signaled to one of the soldiers to bring his falcon. Gillian got his bird from the tree limb and the two birds were unhooded and stood staring at each other with black, angry eyes.

Another soldier brought out a rabbit he had been carrying and killed it in front of the hawks. The big birds became restless at the first sight and scent of the rabbit's blood and snapped viciously at the soldier's hand when he smeared blood on their backs and breasts.

"I'm acknowledged champion here," Harold said. "My bird goes up first."

"All right," Gillian said. "I'll go out in the clearing a way and send my bird up when yours has reached the height he wants."

Gillian walked out into the meadow as Harold raised his arm to launch the hawk. The bird shot seemingly straight up into the sky until it was only a black dot against the afternoon sun. Gillian watched until he lost the bird in the glare of the sun. The hawk on his arm kept one black eye cocked toward its opponent, apparently watching it without difficulty.

When Harold's bird started circling the meadow, Gillian released the chain from around his bird's leg.

"All right, buddy," he told the bird, "with your guts and my brains, we're going to clip this rube."

He waited until Harold's bird no

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PARADISE

on nine dollars a day

(BEING A HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF A THREE-AND-A-HALF MONTH CHUG THROUGH THE SOUTH SEAS BY A BUNCH OF SLOSHING AMATEURS ON NINE DOLLARS A DAY . . . ATTEMPTING NOT TO DISPUTE THAT **GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN**, BUT TO POINT THAT THERE'S ALWAYS THE PROBLEM OF **GETTING BACK** . . .

BY JOHN D. KEEFAUVER

Increasingly, in today's newspapers and magazines you'll find ads that seek working / paying crew / passengers for The Big Cheap Paradise Trek through the South Seas. A while back, I answered such an ad, and became a do-it-yourself member of a three-and-a-half-month chug to French Polynesia and back, on a 150-foot ship with a bunch of amateurs in the crew who thought that the word *port* meant something to be drunk after dinner.

Before the saga was finally ended, the tub's captain had resigned, her chief engineer had been fired, she had lost thirteen passengers, mostly to the air lines, and had been the object of a lawsuit in Panama brought by a disgruntled passenger, a realtor who had had enough of rocking real estate with rolling drainage. And she—and we—had chuckled (sort of) over such ho-ho malfunctions as leaking portholes, coughing diesel engines, a bilge pump that wouldn't pump bilge, an air conditioner that, when it worked, leaked air-conditioned water, and an unautomatic automatic pilot.

Getting There is half the fun. But what the passengers and "crew" aboard our ship were concerned about, was Getting Back.

This account, then, making no attempt to describe the places visited, is a chronicle of Getting There and Getting Back—cheaply. The cost was \$975 each for everything (see above), plus, in my case, \$150 for spending money. In a phrase, it can be done.

The Old Puddler (so called to protect the guilty) sailed—mostly forward, and mostly on top the water—from Miami, Florida, to Ensenada, Mexico, by way of the Galapagos, Marquesas, Tuamotus, and Society Islands, a 15,000-mile slosh to thirty ports of call, at a speed of ten miles per hour, at best. Now, about those ports—they were mostly in Paradise, many were uncivilized, and all of them were many watery hops, and seasick skips, and wallowing jumps away from the cocktails-at-five and English-spoken-here of the USA.

There hasn't been anything like it since Joseph Conrad.

When the saga began, there were twenty-six "passengers" and eight "crewmen" aboard the thirty-three-year-old, steel-hulled Old Puddler. In wild moments, she was called a yacht, but more realistically, she was a motor vessel. When it ended, the number of original passengers had been cut neatly in half, and three crewmen had been added to the passenger side of the ledger. This was a bookkeeping miracle of the most mysterious kind, for in deciding who was a crewman and who was a passenger, only the Old Puddler knew for sure.

Those on board ranged from a 68-year-old retired civil service employee, to a 21-year-old muleskinner, from an advertising man to an undertaker, and from a journalist to a smoke jumper.

And the only one on board who knew anything about sailing the South Seas was the captain. And he was half deaf.

Besides the captain and the owner—he was the first mate, and he wanted to be captain—the only one of us who knew anything much about making



the Old Puddler move in the right direction most of the time was the chief engineer—and the captain fired him in Papeete after he hooked up an air horn to a galley switch.

The engineer's plan—conceived in secrecy and completed in same—was that, when a certain lady passenger pulled the switch to turn on the stove to make some tea—a habit of hers in the small hours—the horn would go off in her ear like a cannon.

It worked.

Except that the lady didn't turn on the switch. The captain did.

The captain was experienced in firing men, however. He had fired himself earlier, in Panama. He had resigned temporarily because the owner refused for a while to buy a new bilge pump after the old one had gasped its last on the way from Miami to the Canal.

A lot of things had gasped coming from Miami. Earlier, in Miami, we had gasped. The passengers' first sight of the Old Puddler was of a hole in her side. An insurance survey had found rust in a forward section of the ship's

hold, and goggled workmen, blow-torches hissing at the dry-docked vessel's side, were repairing the weak spot.

The weak spot after Miami was the stomach. Favorite question: "Do you still have your lunch?"

You saw him—looking his usual green—start out of the dining room, the poor wobbling man, bound for his "stateroom." You next saw him two days later, looking greener. He said he never made it. You believed him.

Ever tried to eat a pancake as it was rolling by?

Ever tried to eat a meal when you're sliding away from the table? Backwards? The table was nailed down, but the chairs weren't. Neither were the people.

Wet sheets were placed on the tables to keep the amublatory plates in their place. But how you gonna keep 'em down on the cloth after they've seen the sea?

Ever been on KP when the dirty dishes jumped right over the soapy water and splashed into the rinse?

I took my turn at the wheel be-

cause the automatic pilot wasn't working, because nobody knew how to fix it. And because I'd never done this before, I hit the course only twice—coming and going, on the zig and on the zag. I didn't worry; nobody else had been able to do it either.

We did KP, and we washed our underwear and sheets—sort of—in a plastic bucket that we'd brought ourselves. In salt water. Mum? None.

The Radio Direction Finder didn't work. It was too overcast to use celestial navigation. Our only hope was dead reckoning. Dead?

The owner kept shouting, "Courage!"

We discovered first night out that the portholes leaked. The cabins weren't very big, and they filled up with water quickly. I had slept on a soggy mattress before, but never in one.

We tried making popcorn. It didn't pop. Nothing more than a thirty-degree pip. Jello never jelled. The refrigerator looked like a box of cold stew.

Booze and cigarettes were stored in an unused cabin. First night out, cases of stuff fell against the door, jamming it. The door opened inward.

Next day we broke down the door. Courage!

Even the flying fish flew away from us.

Off Honduras, somebody threw a bottle overboard. It passed us.

Off Nicaragua, it took us all day to pass an island. It was nip and tuck all the way. Ever been passed by an island?

We reached the Canal after six days—and after missing it by eighteen miles. We hoped it was the Panama Canal. Could that be Port Said? Was the flag Egyptian?

Our "schedule" called for us to pass through the Canal without a stop, but we spent eight days there. For repairs. We lost eight passengers, including one who, claiming misrepresentation, law-sued the Old Puddler with a lien. A U.S. Marshal came aboard and said, that unless the matter was settled, the OP would have to stay in Panama for the duration.

Fortunately (?), the captain, who had resigned over the matter of the bilge pump, joined up again, somebody signed a promissory note, and we moved through the Canal—mostly forwards—as if we were a real ship. We entered

the Pacific while mumbling. "Home for a fix in '66!"

Four days later we somehow reached the Galapagos, six hundred miles off the coast of Ecuador. The Ecuadorian-owned islands are a zoo on lava. We saw three-foot iguanas, penguins, cormorants that can't fly, albatross, 250-pound turtles, seals, flamingos, manta rays, and birds with blue feet. The islands looked so much alike that, after a while, we began to suspect that Our Leaders were visiting the same island over and over again, not always bothering to change the rocks around at night. Iguanas slipped into their penguin suits when they saw us coming, and vice-versa.

On one of the rocky islands we came ashore in one of our two launches, piloted by the chief engineer, who hadn't been fired yet. We shouldn't have, and the engineer should have stayed in the engineroom. When we tried to get the launch back into the water, it wouldn't and we didn't. A wave picked us and the launch up, turned us around, dumped us out, and swamped the boat. Many cameras ruined, one lost, one wallet gone, nobody hurt, all wet.

"Home for a fix in '66!"

We began calling the Old Puddler a hospital ship. Which ward are you in? That night a humorist aboard went to bed mumbling, "If I should die before I wake . . ."

On another island we anchored in Tagus Cove, where an eighteen-inch penguin eventually came aboard. Penguins get to the Galapagos by riding the cold Humboldt Current out of the polar regions all the way to the equator, which the Galapagos straddle. It was the first time we'd ever gone swimming with a penguin. In the winter.

On the equator.

For the next three thousand miles—the distance between the Galapagos and the Marquesas—we rolled, and pitched, and prayed. We watched a bird land on the deck and promptly get boatsick in the galley. For days we saw nothing but H2 and plenty of O. Then one day—a ship! a ship! Then she saw us—and hurried away. Sadly, I went on watch, carrying my usual pillow. The Old Puddler is the only ship in the world where you go on watch with a pillow.

When we arrived in the Marquesas, the French boss told us, "Fellows, you've got to have visas to visit our islands."

We didn't have visas because we hadn't got them in Miami. We hadn't got them in Miami, as planned, because somebody found out, too late, that there wasn't a French consulate there anymore. They had moved to New Orleans. Crafty lot, those French.

"Go on to Papeete and get your visas," he cried. "Then you can come back and stay a long time."

Visa la France!

Papeete, Tahiti, about 750 miles southwest of the Marquesas, is the capital of the whole works in French Polynesia. It's the City Hall of the South Pacific. All directives for Urban Renewal for Blighted Natives spring from the place.

When we reached Tahiti a few days later, we discovered something we'd forgotten to pack for Paradise: a row-boat. It had been raining in Tahiti for three days. When we left, ten days later, it was still raining. Paradise was mud. It was now clear where the yellow went.

And this town of 20,000 has had a Chamber of Commerce for eighty-five years!

Because of the rain, we spent a lot of time in Papeete on the leaky Old Puddler, to which by now had been added an air conditioner that leaked air-conditioned water into our rooms, onto our mattresses, onto our clothes, onto our sheets, which were already wet because we'd washed them—sort of—and it was awfully hard to dry them in the rain. Even in Paradise.

We also learned:

1. That the French might only give us a ten-day visa.
2. That the owner of the Good Ship didn't have money enough to pay for the fuel to get us back to the States.
3. Just as he didn't have enough \$ to pay the port bills.

He had some green coming, though. Maybe.

Courage!

Of course, we could always put up \$286 for an airplane ticket to Hawaii.

If we had it. Before we could legally get off the Old Puddler, that's what we had to do.

In fact, before anybody can come to Paradise he has to have to have a ticket and reservations out of the place—or be on an Old Puddler. Paradises are like that nowadays.

Progress?

Finally, the owner received, via mail from the States, enough cash to buy the fuel to move the Old Puddler over enough water to get us all the way home, and we received our visas. Thus, minus five more passengers, who were flying home, we raised anchor for the Tuamotus, leaving a trail of Paradise trash behind us out of Papette. That was because Our Leaders did not provide us with a land-based garbage can during our ten-day stay there.

In the Tuamotus, some 250 miles northeast, we encountered Fly Island.

Fly Island—called Toau by the innocent—is, like the rest of the Tuamotus, a "low" island, an atoll, a reef surrounding a lagoon, in this case twenty miles long.

With fins, face mask, and snorkle, we played look-see off coral heads and shores, in water so clear that the Old Puddler's rusty anchor chain was visible along the bottom, thirty feet or more below. A fairyland of coral formations, a zoo of fish. We saw yellow, green, red spotted, plain, zebra-striped, baby-size, momma-size, eat-you-size fish—the rascals playing hide-and-seek in and out of their coral castles, their underwater hideaways.

Then our faces came out of the water, and we saw the flies. And the flies saw us. They yelled to their buddies, they yelled to theirs, and—that's right—they made a hideaway out of us.

We dived under and came up. They were waiting for us.

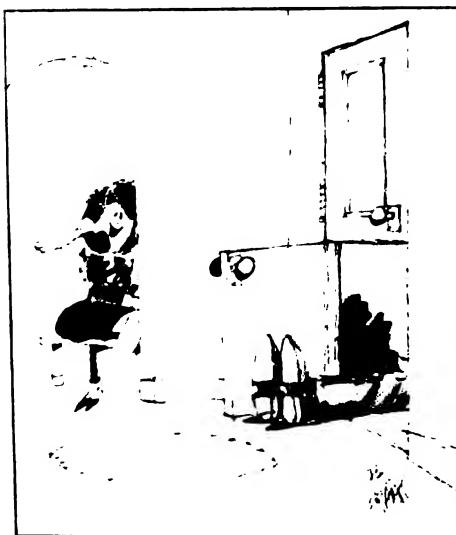
We launched—full speed—back to the Old Puddler, anchored like a rust stain in a stainless steel lagoon. The flies came right along. We clambered aboard. Flies, too.

We lost no time in taking off for the Marquesas, where we stuck our sunburned noses into eight villages on five of the eleven islands which are some 750 miles northeast of Tahiti. While doing it, we nearly hit a reef (the Old Puddler just didn't corner as closely as some had thought), temporarily lost a launch when a line parted (sanity ran a close second), and drifted to within twenty feet of another reef during a gale.

Then what did we do? We came home, that's what. We pitched, rolled, sloshed, vibrated, and groaned the thirteen days to Mexico and home.

Would we do it again? Would you?

If you do—courage! ●



"I have to go now Emily—I want to show Ed our new door!"

LYNN . . .

LUSTY SAGITTARIUS

For those of you who have never had the time to delve into the study of astrology, we'd like to give you a brief lesson on at least one of the signs we like best. To highlight our study, we've picked the swingingest Sagittarius we know.

RALPH HAMPTON / VISTA







Did you know that Sagittarians are not only hot-blooded but extremely attractive in their physical appearance? (Note photos, please!)

Or, did you realize that Sagittarians are the cream of the creative crop? (Someone was really on base when they created Lynn!)

And has anybody ever told you that Sagittarians always have to have their way? (We know how to give in gracefully!)

Enough!

Armed with this three-point plan, you should be able to tame any Sagittarian you meet on the very first try.





THE BIRDMAN OF BROOKENSHIRE

(continued from page 41)

longer had the sun at its back, then threw his hawk into the air.

Harold's bird began its attack as soon as it saw the other bird in the air. As Gillian's hawk slowly pulled itself into the sky on powerful wing-beats, the other bird swooped around behind it and started a shallow, planing dive, wings extended. At the last possible second, some vital instinct warned Gillian's hawk of its danger and it veered sharply to the right, losing only a few feathers to the other's talons. Harold's hawk pulled out of its dive instantly, pulled for altitude, and retained the height advantage over the other bird.

Harold's hawk, once its advantage was secure, turned to follow the other bird, flying above and behind it. Gillian's bird tried to lose its pursuer with a series of sharp turns; failing that, it dropped into a steep dive, followed above and behind by Harold's bird. Suddenly, Gillian's hawk pulled out of its dive and began to climb; instantly, Harold's bird followed suit, but it had lost several feet.

The two birds cruised leisurely over the open field for a time, on opposite sides of some great circle in the air. Slowly the circle grew smaller and the pace increased as the birds gradually approached each other. They met over the middle of the field, feet first, and their talons locked. Wings beating wildly, shrieking, the two wrestled in the air while plummeting toward the earth. Again at the same instant, the two birds broke from each other, scant feet above the ground, and climbed for altitude.

This time there was no cautious circling, no maneuvering for advantage, but a series of wild, slashing attacks. It was impossible to keep the birds separate. Soon the pace of the attacks slowed as the birds tired. Then one bird received a wing wound and, favoring the injured wing, was forced to fly in great, looping circles. The other bird, using its advantage, gained height and got behind its enemy. In a final burst of energy, the strong bird streaked across the sky and struck the wounded one. There was a single, piercing shriek and the

wounded bird tumbled head over tail to crash to the ground.

Both Harold and Gillian raised their arms to signal the remaining bird to return. The great hawk made a slow, triumphant circle of the field and glided to a landing on Gillian's arm. Before fastening the restraining chain to the hawk, Gillian removed something from the bird's legs and slipped it into a fold of his clothes.

When Gillian rejoined Harold on the other side of the field, the Duke was in a quiet rage at having been beaten. Gillian made a small bow and held out his arm.

"Sire, I take pleasure in presenting you with the winning bird," he said. "In place of the birds that were stolen from me."

Harold gestured to one of his soldiers to take the bird.

"Pay him," he said curtly to the Sergeant of the troop, who counted out twenty pieces of gold into Gillian's hand. At a gesture from Harold, the soldiers mounted their horses. "Baron, you said something about a cart-load of gifts from your Prince. The cart is long overdue. I suggest you go with these soldiers and find that cart before you return to the castle."

The Duke rode off, leaving Gillian and Alicia with half a dozen soldiers. Gillian, thinking fast and remembering that he was still a Baron, gave the troops their orders.

"The cart will be coming along the south road," he told the Sergeant in a voice of command. "Take your men and ride out to meet it. I'll catch up to you within the hour. Go!"

As the soldiers rode away down the south road, Gillian sighed with relief.

"Such nice obedient soldiers Harold has," he said. "I will, naturally take the north road. That should give me a two-hour lead before they come looking for me."

"But aren't you going to stay to collect the rest of your bet?" Alicia asked with dismay.

"I'm afraid I've done all the collecting I can stand for this afternoon," he told her. "Besides, time is running out for me."

"That's too bad," she sighed. "I'm so sick of being a Duchess I could scream. Especially the Duchess of a sixty-year-old Duke. I wouldn't

mind being a Baroness for a while."

Gillian pulled the woman close to him and stroked her back and shoulders as he embraced her.

"It's been an entertaining couple of days," he said at length. "I'm going to miss you at the next place."

"The next place? You mean you're going to try this again?"

"Why, certainly," he said. "This is more profitable than fleecing peasants of pennies. And the living conditions are better."

"What makes you think your bird will win next time? It was just luck that you won this time instead of being hung for a thief. Wasn't it?"

"Nonsense, my dear," Gillian said. "No real gambler trusts to luck. It's too easy to lose that way. I had a little something extra going for me."

Gillian reached into his clothes and took out the devices he had removed from the legs of his hawk. They were long, curved pieces of metal, pointed and sharp.

"They're called 'spurs,'" Gillian explained. "I learned about them from a bunch of Spanish gypsies I once traveled with. It seems that in southern countries, when they hold a cock fight the roosters are fitted with metal spurs like this to make them killers. Then, instead of a cock fight full of noise and feathers, you get blood and sudden death."

"I just had Harold's blacksmith make up a pair of spurs for my hawk. Every time the hawks met in the air, Harold's bird got stabbed with these. My bird had to win."

"And you intend to ride around the countryside, living in somebody's castle, seducing their wives and taking their money in a dishonest hawk fight?"

"That's right," Gillian said happily.

"How long can this go on?"

"Until I run into somebody else who's heard of cock spurs."

"Then what?"

"Then it's back to the briar patch and the thorns for me."

There was a moment of silence. Gillian humming under his breath, Alicia thinking hard. Alicia was first to speak.

"And do you think you might want someone there to patch up your backside again?" she asked softly. ●



by Parley
J. Cooper

THE LIAISON

**He was built like a young stallion...
and Marci was sure she was getting a virgin!**

The boy stood staring straight ahead into the shadows across the room. His face had reddened at her first advances, but now it seemed oddly pale. His jaw was firmly set, his eyes glazed, his breathing heavy and irregular. While her hands explored the hot flesh beneath his summer shirt, his own hung loosely at his sides, not quite daring to come forward and encircle her waist.

She pulled on the catch of his trousers until it parted, the dull snap breaking the silence of the room. Then taking the zipper between her fingers, she pulled it downward with a quick movement.

"Are you afraid?" she asked softly.

He made no attempt to answer. A shiver ran through his body, but she was unaware of it. The boy wore no underclothing. She smiled to herself and stepped back, appraising him as an art dealer would a painting, determined on possession, but not until the full beauty had been absorbed and savored.

He was deeply tanned, but beneath the dark skin she could see that he had reddened once again. He was blond, and she found that disturbing. She generally preferred dark-haired, olive-skinned men. But this boy was a tower of masculine virility, a stud for a rainy day.

She chuckled softly. Daryl went for blonds. Wait until she told him how she had cornered the delivery boy and seduced him while he had been out pacing the beach in search of a trick.

"You are beautiful," she told the boy.

And built like a young stallion, she wanted to add. But instead, she began to remove her clothes slowly, teasing him in a manner that was foreign to her nature. Turning her back to him, she slipped her dress over her head, and dropped it onto the chair. Then she faced him again, smiling, and pushed the straps of her bra from her shoulders so that it fell forward, revealing her smooth, round breasts.

He was nervous, unsure of himself. Any other man would have charged across the room by now. But not this boy. He had unbuttoned his shirt and, as if waiting for her to tell him to stop, he hesitated before slipping it off and tossing it to where her clothes lay. Then he stepped out of his denims and stood stamping on them absently, as if they were something which needed killing.

She turned and motioned him toward the snaps of her bra and he stumbled, half broke away the fastenings. With the bra gone, she leaned into him, pressing her breasts against his bare chest, brushing her lips over the hard muscles of his neck. Her hands moved down his back, cupping his lean buttocks. She pulled herself tightly into the curve of his body, lost now and not minding the brutal pressure of his grasp.

She lead him to the bed, and he fell on her, panting now like any other man. But there was still a strangeness in his manner, something she had almost forgotten. There was a tenderness, an innocence that went with each savage

thrust of his body. She was sure she was having a virgin! Wouldn't Daryl turn green with envy?

Marci closed the door behind the delivery boy, and sauntered back to the front of the house. She stopped at the bay window, and pressed her face into the glass.

The beach was deserted. It stretched away, lonely and abandoned, toward the doll-like houses of The Colony. The tide was high, the waves reaching far up on the shore, and the afternoon fog had started to come in, blending the sand and water until one had no beginning and the other no end.

She traced her name in the moisture her breath had caused on the pane. Below that she breathed heavily on the glass and wrote Daryl's name. If Daryl had been lucky, he would now be in one of those houses at The Colony. She should have insisted on going with him. He would not have liked that, but he would have given in. He would have forgotten the hunt, the stalking, the success or failure with some man, and they would have walked along the water, laughing and talking. If she had insisted on going with him, she would not have gone through that awful scene with the delivery boy.

Goddamn, why had he started to cry? After, they had sat on the edge of the bed smoking a cigarette. She had started to talk. She liked to talk after. Was that a crime? All of a sudden the kid's head had dropped down over his knees, and he had started to cry. *What is it,*

(continued on page 64)

If you're the type who likes blondes and antique clothes, stroll over to Portobello Road in London any Saturday morning and we can almost guarantee that you'll spot our lovely miss in the crowds. And, if you're in luck and tell her you're a fan, you may be invited for a beer. Just call her . . .

Stevey







Born in Liverpool (home of the Beatles) not too many years ago, this English lass is what we call a "super dolly" — well-built cousin of the American hippie! Entranced with her micro mini skirt, ironed hair and "anything goes" attitude, we tried to lure her back to our shores but, alas, to no avail.



The 'Flower Children' of the new Love Generation are all flying high on acid, pot and psychedelic sex in San Francisco's groovy Haight-Ashbury district

A TUNED-IN REPORT BY PHILLIP KING BROWN

If you're really tuned in, you'll know that the United States now has two capital cities, not just one. The first, of course, and more solidly established, is Washington, D.C., where Lyndon Johnson lives, and which continues to function as the effective capital for all of us over 30 (or so they say), and for those few younger ones, not yet turned on, who still believe in the platonitudinous reality of the Straight World.

The second and newer capital—the psychedelic capital—is the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. This is the Hippie capital. This where everything's happening, man. And it's grooving, its wild

The girls wear pants and serapes, or long, faded velvet dresses, or raggy boas. Some simply wrap themselves in gaudily painted cloth—red, orange, green, purple, and blue, all frantically vibrating and assaulting the eye. No bras, no underclothes. If they can afford it, they wear sandals or boots; if not, they go barefoot.

The guys wear tight black pants and boots, or they go barefoot. Chains dangle from their waists. Dracula capes drape their hunched shoulders. Almost anything goes—paisley shirts, fur vests, a long Buddhist robe, a Sioux Indian costume—but not a white shirt and tie. Why man, who needs it? It's part of the Straight World, and that's their bag.

The hippies strut like peacocks in their brilliant colors. Their hair is long—for guys and gals alike—and the longer the better. They adorn themselves with medals, beads, bracelets, Indian headbands—and almost always, a flower. In fact, this custom of wearing flowers has given them still another name:

The Flower Children.

And their names are as strange as their costumes. They call themselves Johnny Red, Tripper, Dawn, L.S. Death, Wolf Man, Admiral Love, Psychedelic Ranger, Thibeau, Dangerfield, Wildflower, Lady Rain

It wasn't always like this in Haight-Ashbury. Until about three years ago, this was just another working-class area, not essentially different from what you'd find in any sizable American city. There were some 40-odd blocks of decaying Victorian houses along the edge of Golden Gate Park, and the residents bought their groceries on drab old Haight Street.

The houses and shops are still there—but how they have changed!

Wild Colors is a typical Hippie store. Its shelves are filled with pottery, stuff to hang on the wall, ornaments of hand-cut glass. The store is now owned by 227 Hippies, and it can belong to you, too. (**Help your brothers and sisters!**) And all the while, solid-state, transistorized stereo blares out of windows and into the street, carrying the sounds and messages of the leading psychedelic groups—The Grateful Dead, The Jefferson Airplane, The Quicksilver Messenger Service.

The faces change but the scene goes on. Some are content to walk up and down, handing out flowers. Others beg quarters, which they share. Still others congregate in doorways, sing a song, smoke a stick. A few put money in the parking meters and flake out in the parking space they have rented. One or two will be in front of the Drogstore—now a coffee shop, once a real drugstore—wailing on a horn, pounding



SLEEP-IN

on the bongos, slapping the guitar—and there'll be an audience, babbling and twitching to the music. They have smiles on their lips, and they laugh, joke, and sing. Some are stoned on pot or tripping on acid.

The Gray Line Tours have added Haight Street to their itinerary, billing it as "the only foreign tour within the continental limits of the United States." And man, it's a gas to listen to the little old straight ladies! (Look at that long hair. Free love? You mean—just living together? Their parents send them money for LSD? Great God! If it were my son, I'd rather see him dead!)

Mayor John Shelly of San Francisco said, "I wish to emphasize at this time that I am strongly opposed to any encouragement of a summer influx of indigent young people who are apparently being led to believe by a certain element of society their vagrant presence will be tolerated in this city... without due regard to their needs for food, adequate shelter and other necessities."

"I believe the Board of Supervisors should go on record as declaring as its policy that such migration is unwelcome; that existing ordinances be strictly enforced and that such migratory persons cannot be permitted to sleep in public parks or otherwise violate laws involving public health and the general peace and well being of this community."

And yet they came.

Health Director Dr. Ellis Sox unleashed a 12-man team of health inspectors on Haight Ashbury because, as he put it, "these people are creating the slums they live in."

"When water is shut off for failure to pay the bill, toilets are not being used. Garbage is thrown around and this attracts flies and rats. Bubonic plague is carried by fleas on rats and it is not impossible there might be an outbreak of epidemic meningitis."

The inspectors swooped down, raided 1,400 build-



HIPPIES IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

ings, and found that 65 of them were in need of immediate sanitary improvement. But only 16 were pads of Hippies. Dr Sox then said, "There has been a deterioration of the sanitation situation in the Haight Ashbury, but the Hippies did not contribute much more to it than other members of the neighborhood. The situation is not as bad as we had thought."

A short statement of what they think of the Straight World's power structure is contained in a poem

**The common folks know
That war is coming.
When the leaders curse war**

The mobilization is already written out.

Recently a survey was run on the Hippies, and the results are not uninteresting. The majority are from upper middle-class and upper-class backgrounds: ninety-five per cent use pot, ninety per cent drop acid, thirty per cent use other drugs, twenty-five per cent share a pad with four to nine others, thirty-three per cent with one to three others, and only fourteen per cent live alone. Most have some college education somewhere behind them—and **behind** is the word, because they feel that they were dead then, but that now they are alive because they are finding the True Way.

Money is one of the biggest bags of straight society, and the Flower Children can do without it—almost. They spend hours over an exotic stew or curry in a communal kitchen, and \$35 will feed three for a month. But pay \$2.50 for a meal? Man, you're crazy!

They work out deals with guards on the docks who gather up quantities of spilled rice and tea, 15 or more pounds at a time. They hit the Safeway, the Piggly Wiggly, the Littleman's, at two in the morning, raiding the garbage cans for Chinese cabbage, broccoli, artichokes—anything that was thrown out because it didn't look salable any more. They manage to live.



(Why get hung up? There's always a pot of beans around, someone's got bread (money) for something, and I can always bum a stick when I want.)

A place to bed down? A car, a truck, a bench in the park—anything will do. Don't have any? Wander into the Drugstore. More than likely, a pretty blonde girl in a faded red velvet Victorian dress will come up to you, smile, and say, "Can I spend the night with you?"

"No, I've got no place," you answer.

A shrug of her shoulders, a sigh, and, "You might as well come home with me, then."

Clothes? The Salvation Army, and the Good Will; cast-aways found in ash cans; the Free Store, where you can barter. And the Hippies take care of their own.

There are the Diggers, the invisible government of the Hashbury. They are a loose organization. Volunteer workers drift in and out, giving out clothing, hammers, anything and everything. Every afternoon in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park, the Diggers set up tables and pass out one free meal a day to anybody who brings a plate. They have started up their own health clinic, where doctors from local hospitals donate their time. They've set up a missing-persons bureau to arrange reconciliations between runaway teen-agers and distraught parents. They maintain a 24-hour-a-day counseling service, a legal-aid center, and a walking bulletin board listing jobs and available pads to sack out in.

The Love Generation is not against work, only work for material possessions. (**Man, like it's a drag. Who needs it?**) Give them a hamburger if they're lush, or a stick of grass; let them wander in the park, commune with nature—and they're living.

They make jewelery and sandals, paint posters, stitch clothing, and find a haven in the Post Office. One Hippie will get a job as a mail carrier, and for

the next few months, twenty different Hippies will be seen on the run, all taking turns delivering the mail. (**Like, if you share, you share all the way.**)

As for the city, who needs it? It's back to the land, live in a tribe, throw over the confining needs and restraints of middle-class family life, and live like the Indians.

(It's the cult and mysticism of the tribe, man. The Indians, they knew how to live. Tribalism is the key to survival. Move out of the cities, form tribes, buy land, be free, get high, talk with nature. Form this tribe, see? Yea, baby, everybody takes care of everybody. Share, love, love, love, and everybody, every color, every race is welcome.)

Love is a big word to the Hippies, and it covers everything: love of beauty, of yourself, your neighbor, anything and everything, just as long as it's love. And that means sex for everybody, free shack-ups, go down, sex, sex, sex.

(If my old lady wants to F... anybody in the room here, it's all right with me, but if she goes out of the tribe and F... s J. Edgar Hoover, I'm going to get very upset. Yea, but man, she'd be doing something for the nation, baby. Hoover would be making love, not war.)

Love is all-important; hate is a bag, robbing you of energy and others—say the Viet Cong—of life. Anything is better than war. These are Hippie basics.

And no matter what is written or said against them (**They are parasites. They are dope fiends. They smell.**) two things must be admitted. First, they are the most unsegregated group in existence—anybody and everybody is welcome. And perhaps—just perhaps—we'd all be a little bit better off if we adopted the credo of Love from these Hippies, these Flower Children.

Second, Haight Ashbury is a safer place since the hippies came, regardless of how frightening they may look. Three years ago, there were muggings in the park, blood on the doorsteps, housewives beaten up on the way to the grocery store, slashings, stompings, rumbles. Every drunk was fair game for the local jack-rollers. Things were so bad that the residents formed vigilante patrols.

But now the neighborhood is safe. People can walk the streets again without fear. And the square residents who live in the area would rather step over the giggling form of a stoned Hippie on the street than have to worry about switchblades in the hands of juvenile delinquents. That the Love Generation and the squares have worked out this peaceful coexistence both baffles the establishment and bothers it.

These are head drugs, mind-stimulating, consciousness-expanding. Take them, they say, and see the True Creator, see the false world for what it is. Turn on, and feel colors, see sounds, appreciate the movement of a single grain of sand.

(The other day I was high, and I went to the park and saw the first snails. They were out of sight! I



watched them for hours. Really far out.)

But above all, stay away from the body drugs opium, heroin, barbiturates, alcohol. As one notice warned: Stay away from speed or any other kind of up-er. The dues you will pay are in vitamin shortages and nerve damage. If you are new on the set, ask someone to show you a burned-out speed freak, and see for yourself what amphetamines will do.

The Hippies feel that a competitive society in which everyone is always striving for more often forces people to falsify their true feelings about the important things of life. This is where pot, and acid, and all the rest come in. The Hippies say, **Get high and be free; see Truth; see things as they really are.**

Besides, why the big fuss, the Hippies want to know? They point out that everybody should know that grass is less dangerous than booze. They are fond of citing the famous LaGuardia Report on marijuana, which says that the drug does not lead directly to mental or physical deterioration, and that the habitual pot smoker knows when to stop because excessive doses reverse the usually pleasant effect.

Moreover, they say, marijuana does not lead to addiction in the medical sense. While it is habit-forming, as tobacco is, withdrawal from marijuana does not lead to the horrible effects of withdrawal from opiates. No deaths have ever been recorded that can be ascribed to marijuana, nor is it a direct causal factor in sexual or criminal misconduct. And as for juvenile delinquency, it is not caused by marijuana smoking, although the two are sometimes associated.

The publicity concerning the catastrophic effects of marijuana smoking is utterly unfounded, say the Hippies. At most, it is more of a nuisance than a menace.

Hippies wonder why the Straight World boggles at pot, when it's okay to turn on with liquor, get a hang-over, and even die of cirrhosis of the liver. Among the flower Children, it's bring your own grass or acid, and take that beautiful trip. (**Anyway, it's our life, and even the biggest head drops acid only once a week, at most.**)

The Hippies have their own music and their own groups. Joan Baez, Ravi Shankar, Bola Sete, The Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead, The Quicksilver Messenger Service, Simon and Garfunkel, Eric Burdon and the Animals, The Association, Steve Miller's Blues Band, Mike Bloomfield Electric Flag, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Country Joe and The Fish, The Byrds and Dylan.

The songs invade the body. They ripple through the blood, causing it to churn. And buried deep in the driving, powerful cannon-like rhythm, are the lyrics—and they talk of sex and dope.

(**Sing for your supper and you'll be fed, a song bird always eats. I heard from a wise canary, trilling makes a fellow willing. If you have some habits some people won't allow, be cool, be clean, if you know what I mean. I want to put a tiger in your sweet little tank. I'd love to turn you on. I wouldn't feel so all alone if everybody first got stoned. Mellow yellow. Where the streets are paved with bricks of Acapulco Gold.**)

The Hippies also have their own underground papers: "Countdown," San Francisco Cream, "The Haight Ashbury Tribune," The Oracle—and they are filled with talk of dope, love, god and advice, such as:

"Be friendly, be understanding, be cool and be clean. We mean be clean. You wouldn't take burning matches in a gasoline refinery. There is plenty of grass in the park already. No bananas or mellow yellow in the park, please."

"Outdoors is a gas if you have an indoors to go outdoors from."

"Don't play needle games with drugs. You can get strung out, which is anti-survival, and also, you can get hepatitis, which will set you back three places in the game."

"Dealing will almost always get you busted, and whoring will spoil your sex life if it doesn't get you busted in the bargain. They are sucker games and are most un-hip."

"If you love your lovers enough to ball them, you love them enough not to give them the clap. Carry rubbers with you at all times and use them faithfully."

These, then, are the Hippies, the Love Generation, the Flower Children, their customs, lives, beliefs, their world. But the only way to really know it is to join it baby—and it's out of sight. ●



"This is our L.S.D. Research Area!"

HEAD 'EM OFF A

A movie quiz for late-show fans



Anyone who spends the wee hours of the morning peering at old flicks on television will soon begin to get the creepy feeling the French call *deja vu* seen before. Sure enough, you know you never saw this movie, but you're *positive* that you remember seeing John Wayne talking to that chubby banker. Ah, my friend, you are witnessing one of Hollywood's vanished mementoes: the cliche. Today, the best-sellers go straight from the paperback edition to the big screen. The hack screenwriters of yesterday are gone, and with them went some of Hollywood's finest moments.

Who can ever forget the cherished scene in hundreds of war pictures, when one nervous young soldier throws down his gun and begins to scream hysterically, "They're not gonna get me—they got Billemme go!!" and his best friend slaps him across the face? (Then the nut staggers, wipes away the blood, and says, "Thanks, Joe,

I needed that.") Or the essential scene where the greenhorn Marine thrusts his rifle into the arms of his sergeant (usually played by William Bendix) and says, "Here, Sarge, hold my rifle while I get some souvenirs off these dead Japs." Who can ever forget the beautiful torture scenes, when the captured American pilot (Dana Andrews?) is taken before the evil Japanese Commander (usually played by Richard Loo)?

"Good day, Commander," says the officer, his smile glistening with saliva and gold teeth. "Ah, I see you are suplied I speak your language. You see, I attended U.C.L.A. before the war. To us, Commander, the Geneva Convention is nothing but a worthless scrap of paper. No one will know what we do with you. We can shoot you and say you were shot trying to escape. Tell me, commander—have you ever had bamboo sprinters pushed under your fingernails?"

The Japs, of course, were usually portrayed as out-and-out bastards. The Nazis, on the other hand, being white Europeans like ourselves, were far cleverer and subtler. Their torture scene usually went like this:

"Ach, Sergeant, you still refuse to talk? Such a pity. Cigarette? Certainly, in a moment. Dot attitude vill get you nowhere, mein friend. Let me gif you a piece of advice, mein friend: for you, der var iss over. If you cooperate with us, you vill be treated vell. You vill be giften medical attention. If you still refuse to cooperate, things can become—shall we say, rather—difficult?"

Once you start playing this game, there's no end to it. Dozens of possibilities come to mind. If you think you're up to it, here's a little quiz of some of the all-time greats of cliches. Match the cliche with the action:

THE PASS, BOYS

1. Two soldiers run to a barn and jump in through the window. Once inside, they take a long look out the window. The camera gives us a 10-second shot of nothing outside. One soldier says . . .

2. There's a tremendous storm going on, and a soaking wet traveler knocks on the door of the forbidding mansion. Boris Karloff answers the door. The traveler says . . .

3. The worried husband sits chain-smoking, sleeves rolled up, unshaven. He leaps up as the old country doctor comes wearily down from the sickroom. The husband says . . .

4. The little fat storekeeper, in a dusty apron comes running up to the Marshal, covered with sweat and flour. The storekeeper points hysterically and says . . .

5. The evil German submarine commander has just ordered the sound detector turned on to pick up the merchant ship in the fog. On the merchant ship, the Captain says . . .

6. The young, boyish mail-order deputy arrives in town, and the chubby, Falstaffian sheriff welcomes him by saying . . .

7. The General has just described the secret mission to the heroic volunteer. When he is finished, he leans back and says . . .

8. The hero suddenly grabs some girl he shouldn't grab (a friend's girl, the villainess) and kisses her. Then he says . . .

9. The aged professor and the army officer stand in front of the flying saucer. As the door opens, the professor says . . .

10. Jimmy Cagney has just single-handedly held off 500 cops from the warehouse roof, when Pat O'Brien, a childhood friend, now a Priest, approaches him and says . . .

A "Remember, if you're caught, we can't do anything to help you."

B "Give me the gun, Rocky."

C "I don't like it—it's too quiet."

D "You mustn't fire—they can give us—such knowledge!"

E "Say, my car broke down about a mile back, and I was wondering . . ."

F "I'm sorry—I shouldn't have done that."

G "Doc—is she—is she—"

H "I knew your father, son—he saved my life once."

I "The—the J-James Boys (Dalton Brothers, Bobbsey Twins) are in town!"

J "Cut all engines. I don't want anyone to make a sound."



SCORING 10 points each. Give yourself 5 bonus points for every movie you can remember using these lines. 50 and below you must go to drive-ins. 60-70 fair. 80-100 excellent. 100 and above—don't you have anything better to do than watch old movies on television? ●



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dining with rogue

Where do Sonja Henie, Ingrid Bergman, Ingrid Thulin and Greta Garbo—yes she doesn't want to get alone—dine when they visit New York? Of course, at Karen and Otto Plume's charming Copenhagen Restaurant located at 68 West 58th Street. And you'll see why when you enter the main dining room!

The Copenhagen's renowned Smorgasbord—the Table of Temptation—is enough to take your breath away. It measures fifteen feet in diameter and holds almost one hundred different Danish selections from rim to rim.

And in addition to the regular Scandinavian specialties of the house, the Copenhagen has recently introduced a unique luncheon attraction—The Smørrebrod. These open-face sandwiches, as popular in Denmark as the hot dog is in America, are served on buttered bread and topped with anything from tiny Danish shrimps, herring and egg and all choices to fresh meat and poultry, including roast lamb, beet tartare or homemade roll of veal. The Smørrebrod, \$1 to \$2.50, is available Monday through Saturday, all day.

For those of you with heartier appetites, try the "Veterinarian" Night Snack—corned beef and liver pâté, Hans Christian Anderson's favorite fried filet of sole with tartar sauce, Tivoli Special—Danish sausage with red cabbage and pickled beets—or the Copenhagen Special—sliced roast duckling with apples, prunes and red cabbage. Naturally, we don't have to remind you to save room for the Danish Pastry and ice cold Aalborg Akvavit!

For you've always wondered—how those Nordic misses keep their super fine shapes, the Copenhagen will be happy to show you the way any Monday through Saturday, from noon to 11 P.M. Better be safe and give them a call at 688-3690 for reservations. Skål!

The Ali Baba East at 400 East 59th Street is commonly known to the jazz buffs of New York

as a Mecca of jazz in Manhattan. There you'll find Louis Metcalf, former Duke Ellington Cotton Club trumpeter, holding forth with Sonny White, the late Billie Holiday's pianist, every night from 9 P.M. to 4 A.M. And don't be surprised if you find yourself sitting next to Erroll Garner, Ramsey Lewis or Ahmad Jamal. They stop in quite often to sit in with pianist Jimmy Neely, whose trio alternates with Metcalf's group.

Things start to swing early at the Ali Baba East with cocktails from 5 P.M.

and a lovely young lady at the piano from 6 P.M.

When you're ready to get away from it all, take your favorite chick by the hand and lead her into the Ali Baba's lush Turkish atmosphere. There you'll combine the exotic food of the East—Shish Kebab, Beef Stroganoff, Chicken à la King, Scampi and Moussaka with the upbeat sound of Western jazz at its best. There's a \$4.50 minimum on weekends only, and reservations can be made by calling 688-4715. Swing baby. ●

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kid?" she had asked him, concerned, but he had just gone on crying like a baby.

No more kids, she vowed. No more virgins. She would take them experienced and at least twenty.

Twenty! She had been twenty when she first met Daryl. Five years ago yesterday. She snickered. That bastard had forgotten the anniversary of their meeting. The first time, too. He always brought her a card, or a present just as if their anniversary was as important as that of a married couple.

She had saved last year's card. On impulse, she got out the album and searched through the jumble of pages until she found it. It was a photograph of violets dripping from an old-fashioned vase with birds fluttering in the background. Inside, it read: *The Anniversary of Our Liaison*.

She stood the card on the coffee table. When he saw it he would pout because she had not reminded him. Then he would do something special to make up to her. The whole thing would save her day. She would forget about that kid crying.

Why had he cried? She had never heard of a man crying the first time out. It wasn't as if he had had to lose a maidenhead. She couldn't ask Daryl. Despite what he had told her about some hometown girl, she didn't believe he had ever been to bed with a woman.

As a capper for the evening, she would tell Daryl about the delivery boy. She would watch his eyes widen as she told him the intricate details. But she wouldn't tell about the crying. Some things, after all, are better kept to oneself. Besides, Daryl was so goddamned sensitive!

"How did I ever live with you, Daryl?" Marci reached across the table and covered his hand with her own, only to retract it suddenly with the feeling of breaking some unmentioned taboo by touching him.

They had finished dinner, a special dinner prepared by Daryl to celebrate their fifth year, but they continued to linger at the table. The candles had burned down to the holders and were flickering wildly for a few more moments of life. The

coffee was cold, the ash trays full.

Daryl had been uncommonly quiet since his return home and she had taken his mood for lack of success with The Colony crowd. She had not told him about the delivery boy. She wanted him in a better frame of mind for her experience had to have full impact.

"Remember," she asked, after lighting a cigarette. "that night five years ago?"

He nodded, forced a smile, and looked at the darkened television set as if seeking escape.

"I had just been jilted for the tenth time because...you know. I had come to the beach for one reason," she reminded him. "I would have gone through with it, too. Then you came out of the fog, and said: 'Don't be silly. That water's cold!'" Remember?"

He pushed his chair away from the table. "I remember," he mumbled. "And you said: 'You're a fairy, aren't you, honey?'" He heaved a sigh.

Marci was worried. His mood was more serious than she had anticipated. He made her feel ill at ease, insecure.

"Sometimes I wonder if there are other people like you and me," she mused; still hoping to draw him out. "Or are we unique?" She stubbed her cigarette out in the ash tray, spilling butts onto the table cloth. "You know what I mean, the two of us living together because neither of us is capable of existing alone? You the way you are, and me.....well, the way I am with my insatiable appetite for men." She attempted to laugh, but in her nervousness, it came out a titter. *The bastard was going to spoil her story.* "Our relationship has been beautiful, hasn't it, Daryl? We belong together, you and me."

"Marci, I....."

The flame on one of the candles went out. He stared at the smoking holder: transfixed, his thought broken or repressed.

She reached for the candlestick, and moved it to one side so the smoke would drift past her head. He looked at her then, his eyes glistening in the light of the remaining candle.

"Marci, I saw a boy die today!" His voice had cracked on the word *die*: he reached for his glass and

drank the last of his water. "It was on the beach. He couldn't have been over seventeen, a beautiful boy with blond hair and soft down on his face for a beard. An old man dragged him out of the water, but too late. He said he had been fishing up the beach and had seen the boy walk straight into the surf with his clothes on, and he had known he wasn't just one of those crazy beach kids."

Daryl leaned forward, his head bent over his empty coffee cup, and was silent for a moment. The clock on the living room mantel struck the half hour, its usually unnoticed chime breaking the silence with the power of a church bell.

"But it wasn't just the boy's death," he told her without looking up. "When I saw his body lying there in the sand my mind began to play strange games. While I looked at him, his face seemed to dissolve and was replaced by my own. I must have cried out, because the old man grabbed me and began to shake me. *'Some people shouldn't look at the face of death.'* he said: and he shoved me away from the boy's body and waved me away down the beach."

He lifted his head, and looked at her.

"It was the waste, Marci. I saw the waste of my own life in his dead face! As I walked home, I kept trying to decide where I had gone wrong. When I had stopped living for any purpose except the next sex partner, the next wild party."

In the last moments before the second candle flickered and died, Marci saw his eyes fill and overflow.

"I'm going back," he said. "Back home. Maybe if I can get a clear perspective on where I went wrong, I can start over again."

Marci heard his chair move away from the table in the darkness: she heard his footsteps as he crossed the room to the door of his bedroom. She heard and she understood that he was leaving her. If she called him back, if she were persistent, she could stop him, but she could not find the strength to speak.

In the back of her mind, she was hearing other sounds, the sound of a young boy crying — a young boy with blond hair and soft down on his face instead of whiskers.

AN INTIMATE INTERVIEW WITH

Would you believe she is naive, child-like, innocent, unspoiled?
Or would you rather believe she's slinky, sultry, sexy, wicked?
What we mean is, do you believe what you read — or what you see?

EVI MARARANDI





Mademoiselle, is it true that you were born in Greece?

Oui, but I left it to come to Italy because I found it, how do you say, too backward for my taste.



How did you decide to make a career in films?

Actually, I had no choice. Everyone around me has always pushed me toward the cinema. Even when I was a teenager, all my friends wanted to take me to the movies.



Then we may assume you are happy with your life?

Mais oui! I have a beautiful apartment in Paris, near the Arc de Triomphe. I am dressed by the haute couture. In fact, I adore Paco Rabanne's new designs the most. I am loved by many, ah, friends—and my movie roles are getting better and better all the time.



You seem to have accomplished a great deal in such an apparently short time. May we ask your age?

Ah, you may ask. . .but I may not answer! No, for you I will tell. I am twenty-two. But please, do not tell too many people. I think I am getting, as you say, over the hump.



Oh no, Mademoiselle. You are most certainly not over that hump yet! Would you tell us something about the outfit you're wearing today. It's rather unusual.

You do not like it, perhaps? I picked it because it reminds me of the uniform I used to wear to school. Of course, then we did not show quite so much of the body. But still, there is something about it that reminds me of my childhood. Perhaps it is the stockings—they are so what do you call it. Innocent?



Yes, yes, that's just what we'd call them! In fact, we'd like to see American girls wear the same type of "uniform".

Thank you. You are most kind. But still, it does have a few bad points.



Really? Would you care to show them to us. Somehow we can't seem to see them from here.

You Americans. . .always joking! Of course you can't see them. What I meant was that it sometimes gets chilly, wearing this costume.



Ah, now we understand. Well, if you're really that cold. . . why don't you take it off?

You are so understanding. Now you see why so many European girls love American men. Wait, I shall be just a moment. You will wait, won't you?

INTERVIEWER'S NOTE: WE WAITED. . .WOULDN'T YOU?



while the statesmanship and power of the white Protestant are transformed into a portrait of Alfred E. Newman as a grown man... Echh. No longer a convincing father image.

About a fifth of the voters surveyed by the University of Michigan Research Center in a cross-section of "The American Voter" did not vote on issues in selecting Eisenhower. A little old lady from Virginia and the wife of a Kansas brewery worker admitted they knew nothing about politics but voted for Eisenhower because he was, in effect, "well liked." The center study also discloses, "A good deal of public response to...political actors simply expresses feeling or affect.

This is impulse buying—the kind that goes on in grocery stores every day. Advertisers claim it's governed by several factors, but that none is more persuasive than packaging. And how many packages do you see in a supermarket wrapped in black?

If possibly a fifth of the nation reacts by feel, according to the Michigan survey, isn't it conceivable that 112,881 Americans felt Nixon **looked wrong**? And that they still do? This margin of his 1960 defeat was not even one-fifth of one percent of the 70,000,000 votes cast that year, much less 20%. Did black hair color that vote?

On the other hand, perhaps Kennedy would have lost if he had failed to de-wave his hair. And maybe Dewey would have beaten uncle Harry Truman if he had salt and pepper in his moustache and looked more like Teddy Roosevelt.

In 1964, Dichter interviewees said Johnson was a "father." Although Barry Goldwater was only an "uncle" to Dichter people, he was much more physically presentable than the man who whipped him. Obviously, 1964 was one of those rare contemporary years

in which politics actually played a more important role in deciding the victor than looks. Certainly LBJ won by more than a hair.

But Johnson's appearance—though he is not black-haired—could hurt him badly in 1968 against everyone, perhaps, except Nixon or Wallace. His own aides acknowledge this and to minimize his squinting in front of the camera (he's too vain to wear glasses so that he can read a script), he has become the first President in U.S. history to appear in public wearing contact lenses.

Another debit is LBJ... 's profile; he hates to have it photographed as much as he hates being seen in public wearing eyeglasses. The President frequently yells at photographers who skirt his ukase and shoot pictures of him in glasses or profile.

But since photographers are ingenious and insistent, LBJ's advisors have decided that the best course for protecting the President's image is to **not** protect it, **not** package it, remove it from view: the best course is the President's new **non-image**.

L.B.J. himself has said, "I 'lose money' everytime I go on tv." Not only on tv, but anywhere, so since the first of the year, his advisors have kept his face pretty much out of everything. Robert Kintner, former president of image-conscious NBC and now special assistant to the President, is behind all this. Frustrated by his boss' inevitably negative effect on the public, Kintner has begged him to lie low.

But L.B.J. is, after all, the President. He has to appear sometime. For example, on the evening of the State of the Union address, when the show previously scheduled in its time period—"The Ugly American"—was cancelled, Johnson appeared. His popularity fell again on the next poll.

With L.B.J.'s popularity on the wane, 1967 is time to look forward to 1968 and 1972. Therefore, on, in this era of McLuhanian

perception, to inner-party potential competition: Hubert? Hardly. His face was a foolish caricature before any caricaturists got hold of it, besides which, he has wispy, dark hair. Bobby or Teddy? Either of both of the fair-haired boys, possibly; as with J.F.K., only a trimming might be called for.

On the opposite bench, according to polls, will most likely be Messrs. Nixon (sorry, fellah), Romney, Reagan, Hatfield, Lindsay, Percy, Scranton, and Rockefeller. Speaking of fair-haired boys (there is a good deal to be said on favor of youth, which has a better chance in the sixties than ever before), the Republicans have one of their own. He is John Lindsay, Mayor of New York, who has been widely likened to the Kennedy-kid image—curly, bright, even handsome in a square-jawed, young manly way.

There is also Mark Hatfield of Oregon. He is young, like Lindsay, but he is dark. His bushy eyebrows fall too close to his eyes, making him imperfectly phot-

As for Charles Percy, new Senator from Illinois, both he and Lindsay may simply be what Dichter has referred to as "cute" and "permanently made up." It would be funny if any one of the three should obtain an image edge over the others because Lindsay, Hatfield, and even Percy represent the liberal spectrum among youthful Republican potentials.

Of course, Scranton and Rockefeller are of that political type too. But image-wise, Scranton just isn't tough enough. In a 1964 "Presidential Zoo Test," conducted by Dichter, L.B.J. was associated by 35% cast Goldwater as a "mule" and another 28% as a "lion." In contrast, 21% of the respondents called Scranton a "rabbit" and another 18%, a "lamb."

Rockefeller was seen equally as a lion and a beaver, matching President Johnson's identities although in substantially smaller percentages. He outplaced Johnson in the which-man-would-you-trust-with-your-money contention: 32%.

named the New York governor, 21% chose Johnson, and only 2% said they would lend money to Alabama Gov.-husband George Wallace. However, while Johnson polled the strongest number of votes in the what-would-you-want-your relationship to these candidates to be category (L.B.J., "father," 44%), with Nixon and Scranton leading the field as "sons" (about 28% for each), Rockefeller revealed a far less wholesome American leaning: Rocky, "lover," 42%.

All of which seems to leave the anti-Johnsonian with only two Republican choices: Romney (relaxed, attired in sweaters, graying handsomely at the temples, and most important, according to Harper's magazine, "the closest thing to an Eisenhower in mufti to appear on the national scene since Ike moved out of the White House in 1961"), whom voters rated as a "mule" (20%), and Reagan (brown-haired, hazel-eyed, and as athletic as Romney), who is, however, too new to the political screen to have been included in any Dichter study to date but who clearly rated in California before his gubernatorial victory in November, 1966, as "wholesomely American."

One of the nation's top PR men, L. Richard Guylay, believes that the 1968 Presidential campaign will rely more heavily than ever before on tv. "Television," he says, "has radically influenced the selection of candidates. Delegates and party leaders constantly have to consider whether their man has a tv presence. Tv has made the electorate more fully informed on the issues and more discriminating in supporting candidates. It has eliminated the humbug and wind from public debate. The television camera is a searching and sometimes cruel device, but it quickly exposes the insincere, incompetent, or stupid. The demagogue or the faker hasn't got a chance on television."

All three of them? ●

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How this village of 1,200 men, women and cows came to be the annual host to between 15,000 and 30,000 jazz fans is quite a story. The whole improbable business began when Brooklyn, New York's, gift to the Battle of the Bulge, GI Joe Napoli, wandered into Comblain-la-Tour in pretty bad shape and was nursed back to health by kind villagers. In 1959, Napoli, now a band manager and agent for singers, returned to Europe for the first time since the end of the war and made a sentimental pilgrimage to Comblain-la-Tour. Learning that the townspeople needed money to rebuild their church, Napoli decided to pool his talents and contacts in an effort to earn some of the needed **francs** for the village. Thus was born the Comblain-la-Tour Jazz Festival and today the name of Joe Napoli is better known in Belgium than those of some Cabinet ministers.

Aside from hearing the musicians at festivals and club engagements, the European jazz fan gets a steady diet of jazz music and information through the various media, as in Germany, for example. Danish State Television has a biweekly jazz-news show and the state radio network presents a weekly jazz-and-interview show hosted by Borde Roger Henrichsen, a former jazz pianist. The Danish press covers jazz via its jazz columnists and the Danish National Museum now houses one of the largest jazz record collections anywhere, said to be comparable to that of the Library of Congress.

In Poland, moreover, not only does Polish Radio's Home Service present regular jazz programming, but its external service broadcasts a show in English, **Spotlight on Polish Jazz**, and another in German, **Jazz aus Poland**. Czech television presents regular jazz concerts 'live,' a pleasant practice which is happily quite common throughout Europe but drearily rare in this country. For the simple truth is that jazz is more appreciated as an art form overseas than it is here, on its native shores.

Actually this isn't **new** news. Europeans, especially the English and French, were listening to jazz with great appreciation some years before an equally appreciative audience existed in this country. This is one reason certain U.S. jazzmen expatriated themselves in the 1920s. The example of Sidney Bechet comes immediately to mind, and the fact that his death two years ago was treated as an event of national importance in France is an index to the artistic status jazz enjoys in that country. (By contrast, remember the furor here when the Pulitzer Prize committee declined to give the Prize in Music to Duke Ellington; it was clear, then, that in the view of the critical establishment in this country, being a great jazz composer over the space of three decades is not equivalent to being a great composer over the space of even one year.)

Of course listening to and appreciating the music is not the same as playing it, and doubtless the awe

in which American jazz has been held in some circles in Europe has been part of the reason why European jazzmen did not develop their own style before this. However, as we have seen, that is now changing and there are plenty of groups—ranging from trios to big bands—worth the attention of the jazz aficionado visiting Europe.

In England, for instance, you'd be especially well advised to catch the big band of Johnny Dankworth, one of the nation's leading altoists, especially if his wife, the singer, Cleo Laine, is along. Miss Laine is a vocalist of taste and intelligence and has exceptional range. Her only rival in England, at least by my lights, is Miss Annie Ross—yes, she of the Lambert-Hendricks & Ross trio of former fame. Annie Ross had her own club for a bit, but now she can most often be heard at Ronny Scott's comfortable emporium. The house group there features, of course, Mr. Scott himself, and he plays a good, strong modern tenor.

The current group led by Tubby Hayes—adjusted by many to be England's ranking jazz musician—is his best to date, I am told, with Hayes sticking to tenor and flute instead of playing the vibes as well. Hayes has always been able to play faster—quite literally, more notes—than almost anyone around, but at his fullest powers he is a musician of rich, deeply communicative powers. Also catch, if you can, Ronny Ross, quite possibly the finest baritone saxophonist across the Atlantic these days. **Avant-gardists** in the crowd will want to hear Joe Harriot, who has borrowed a note from the Beatles by using a sitar and other Indian instruments in his group for his experiments with compositions based on ragas (an Indian scale). And those who look the other way, back to traditional music, will find that England abounds with trad (for traditional) groups. Chris Barber, famed from his hit records, will get the old toes tapping, but you won't go wrong with Humphrey Lyttleton, Ken Colyer or anyone of a half-dozen other groups, for that matter.

Across the Channel, on the other hand, it's not always so easy to hear the leading French jazzmen. A number of them earn quite a comfortable living by confining their work to concerts, movie and studio work, and therefore aren't to be found in clubs. The one musician not to be missed if he's in town when you're there—I refer to Paris, of course—is the 39-year-old Algerian-French pianist, Martial Solal, widely regarded as the outstanding new pianist to appear on the international jazz scene in recent years. In a word, he is a brilliant musician of great technique and feeling who can kid the piano styles of most of the greats in one number yet make the whole effect very much Solal. Also in the don't-miss category are the two vocal groups, the Swingle Singers and The Double Six of Paris—who are already familiar to every American jazz fan from their records.

If the big band led by American jazz great Kenny Clarke and Belgian arranger and pianist Francy Boland

land is ~~anywhere~~ anywhere you happen to be in Europe, this, too, is an Event. The band has been heard on record in this country, and plays with a joy and precision few U.S. bands can match these days. Soloists to listen for in particular are England's altoist Derek Humble, French trumpeter Roger Guerin and Swedish trombonist Ake Persson. And of course that rhythm section of Clarke, Boland and America's Jimmy Woode on drums.

Elsewhere the musical pickings are likely to range from slim to munificent, depending not only on where you happen to be but also on how many of the top

local talents are somewhere else in Europe at that moment. Rene Thomas, Belgium's excellent guitarist, for instance, is most often heard in Paris, as is Switzerland's top jazzman, drummer Daniel Humair, who has played with Solal and the Swingle Singers.

What this rather jet-propelled survey should point up, I hope, is that there is a rising surge of jazz talent in Europe, and their major breakthrough will be the day when they have successfully translated their own experiences and musical resources into a jazz expression which has the drive and swinging joy and emotional zonk so characteristic of the best that music has produced. Perhaps it would have a European intonation which would make it sound somehow different than American jazz, but somehow I doubt it. Anyway, who cares about labels—what we're waiting for is plenty of good music.

JAZZ

Poland is one of the leading jazz countries in Europe, with the feeling toward jazz among the young approaching religious fervor; swinging altoist Zbigniew Namyslowski is being hailed in European jazz circles as a musician of major talents; tenor man Ptaszyn Wroblewski is well regarded, too... **CZECHOSLOVAKIA**: some of the best big bands in Europe, the ones led by Gustav Brom and Karel Krautgartner being decided winners; the most **avant-garde** jazz country as well, with much experimentation in "third stream" blendings of classical music and jazz; leading jazz family is that of Dr. Jan Hammer, whose wife is a noted vocalist (the Doc does his share of scatting, too), and whose son, Jan., Jr., is a Bill Evans-styled pianist of rising reputation... **AUSTRIA**: things looking up, with Friedrich Gulda, a classical pianist who doubles on jazz piano, often leading a stomping big band of international complexion, and the group led by trombonist Erich Kleinschuster being well worth hearing... **ITALY**: situation dim, but getting brighter; best known musician is Romano Mussolini, son of the late dictator, but some other jazzmen are up-and-coming—especially drummer Al Romano, pianist Giorgio Gaslini (a very talented composer) and tenor man Gato Barbieri... **SWITZERLAND**: pianist George Gruntz is an outstanding musician and the group led by altoist Flavio Ambrosetti and his son, trumpeter Franco Ambrosetti, plays strong modern jazz reminiscent of the Miles Davis groups of a few years back... **SPAIN**: a blind pianist, Tete Montoliu from Barcelona, is becoming something of a legend in Europe; you'll hear a lot of Bud Powell in his playing, which isn't surprising since Powell lived in Paris for so many years, but this young man definitely impresses... **PORTUGAL**: I haven't heard any Portuguese jazz, nor have any of my spies, so I'm afraid your guess here is every bit as good as mine. **GERMANY**: in addition to the musicians mentioned earlier, the hard-driving tenor saxophonist Klaus Doldinger is a major figure in German jazz; admirers of Don Cherry will want to hear Manfred Schoof, who has been

called "a German Don Cherry," but who deserves instead to be called a German Manfred Schoof; partisans of the "new thing" should also be on the lookout for Gunter Hampel, leader of a popular German-Dutch group—he plays vibes—and Karlhanns Berger, another vibes player held in much esteem. **DENMARK**: the best musicians here are still Americans, although the remarkable young bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, already featured on about 20 records with U.S. jazzmen, is possibly the first jazz prodigy produced by Europe since Django Reinhardt. Just in his twenties, Pedersen has been playing professionally, while going to school, since he was in his mid-teens, and was voted Denmark's Jazz Musician of the Year way back in 1963; top Danish drummer is a gent named William Schiopffe, a Boston bulldog-faced man who generally looks unhappy and somehow middle-aged playing next to the callow-faced Pedersen... **SWEDEN**: the first European country to produce a substantial group of modern jazzmen, partly because the neutral Swedes were able to get American discs all through the war years, somehow hasn't advanced too very much from the first wave of esteem its jazz stars enjoyed; still, from that veteran group, the baritone saxophonist Lars Gullin, altoist Arne Domnerus and pianist Bengt Hallberg continue to command considerable respect for their authority; among the newcomers, trombonist Eje Thelin and pianist George Riedel has impressed American jazzmen for their ease with the "new thing".... **RUSSIA**: after years of trying to suppress jazz, Moscow has decided to swing a bit with the music, and the standard of jazz in Russia is steadily progressing; there are now annual festivals in Leningrad and plans for annual events in Moscow and Tallin; you may not be able to get to Russia, but more and more Russian jazzmen are being heard at festivals around Europe; fluegel-hornist German Lukjanov and altoist Gennady Golstein are among the leading musicians, along with altoist Roman Kunsman, also one of the foremost Russian jazz composers. ●

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CONFESIONS OF A GRAFFIONADO

(continued from page 17)

that periodically the walls are painted over. He included the following quotation in his paper:

"Sterotyped and crude, our lavatory inscriptions are the measure of our social fixations; and that enterprising anthropologist who is said to be collecting photographs of them in all parts of the world should reveal more of the truth than all of the bombastic historians who will so soon be clothing our grotesque society with dignified phrases and political stercorations, representing its present antics as studied movements, to be explained in terms of high principles and rational conduct."

The classic work of contemporary North American latrinalia was written by Dr. Allen Read of Columbia University. While touring the Western United States and Canada in the summer of 1928, Dr. Read recorded the many messages he found on the walls of men's rooms and had them privately printed in Paris. His volume of bathroom graffiti, many of them obscene, was titled: LEXICAL EVIDENCE FROM FOLK EPIGRAPHY IN WESTERN NORTH AMERICA: A GLOSSARIAL STUDY OF THE LOW ELEMENT IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. This book's circulation was limited to students of linguistics, folklore, psychology and the social sciences.

There are several theories why wall writing has been so popular throughout history. Man has a tendency to advertise his existence and the walls provide an outlet for such announcements. Even after death, miniature walls containing both serious and humorous epitaphs are erected. Some psychologists such as the late Alfred Kinsey have suggested that the purpose of writing sexual graffiti is for the stimulation of the writer or reader. Lomas and Weltman claim that the writer acts out sexual feelings by defacing the walls. Professor Dundes claims that the writing of latrinalia "is related to an infantile desire to play with feces and to artistically smear it around." Both of the recent papers state that motives for writing graffiti have not been fully examined on a scientific basis which would relate the individual writer to the general public. For my personal theory, however, I go along with the following message: THIS GRAFFITO IS JUST AN ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE.



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NUDISM today is one of the most fascinating, yet misunderstood Ways of Life in the world! The nude body — male and female, unhampered and unfettered by clothes or conventions — is one of nature's most magnificent sights. Because we feel that NUDISM and the NUDIST WAY OF LIFE has been so misunderstood, we have prepared an illustrated offering of color slides, motion picture films, nudist magazines and publications which describe and clearly show many of the interesting facets of Nudist Life.

However, we feel (due to the unrefined and unexpurgated photographs used in this brochure) that we should not direct our circular to those people who do not desire to learn about the NUDIST WAY OF LIFE.

This offer is expressly made to the mature adult, OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE.

If you are interested in seeing what we mean by NUDISM as a Way of Life, for Men, Women, Boys and Girls... and you are over 21 years of age... please send 25¢ to cover cost of postage and handling to P.O. Box 38100, Hollywood, California 90038. Our reply will be rushed to you in a plain wrapper. If you know others who are interested in NUDISM and NATURISM... in the beauties of the natural, unhampered and unfettered way of life... please pass this on to them.

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I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

... the Oriental ART of

INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact



WHO IS THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon Master Kung Fu. That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly maneuvers he has sworn to keep secret.

Protect Yourself and Your Loved Ones!

Containing more than 150 step-by-step personal KUNG FU Master Instruction takes you by your hand and shows you in plain clear and simple easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to handle a small mob of attackers who are fully armed and even pinning you to the ground so you can't move. You pay nothing if you can't disarm one hoodlum, send another flying through the air and stamp a third into the ground. You can't believe of KUNG FU maneuvers that will take your attackers by surprise.

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secrets written in the Orient, the contents of this amazing how-to picture book was shipped to Hawaii where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE. If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course and were willing to pay \$50.00 or even \$100.00 to your KUNG FU Master, you would be refused because KUNG FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders. Because KUNG FU is deadly serious, maximum and since attack is always defense, it's taught only a small limited number of persons. Frankly, we don't want everyone to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY to one selected student who must now NEVER use it as an aggressor, but only as self defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We can't afford to want a criminal or hoodlum to have KUNG FU because of its deadly power.

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill! Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERTION are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just a basic knowledge of KUNG FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums OUT-FIGHT TWO, THREE and even FOUR Karate or Judo experts. Professional Wrestlers or Boxers!

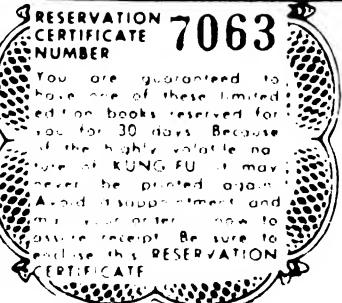
When CHINESE KUNG FU arrives in your mail you turn to page 87 and look at the easy to understand photo illustrations. INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest, a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

LIVE ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS show you by your hand and shows you in plain clear and simple easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to handle a small mob of attackers who are fully armed and even pinning you to the ground so you can't move. You pay nothing if you can't disarm one hoodlum, send another flying through the air and stamp a third into the ground. You can't believe of KUNG FU maneuvers that will take your attackers by surprise.

Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and wise-cracking bullies. With KUNG FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and confident in your new power! And you'll do

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